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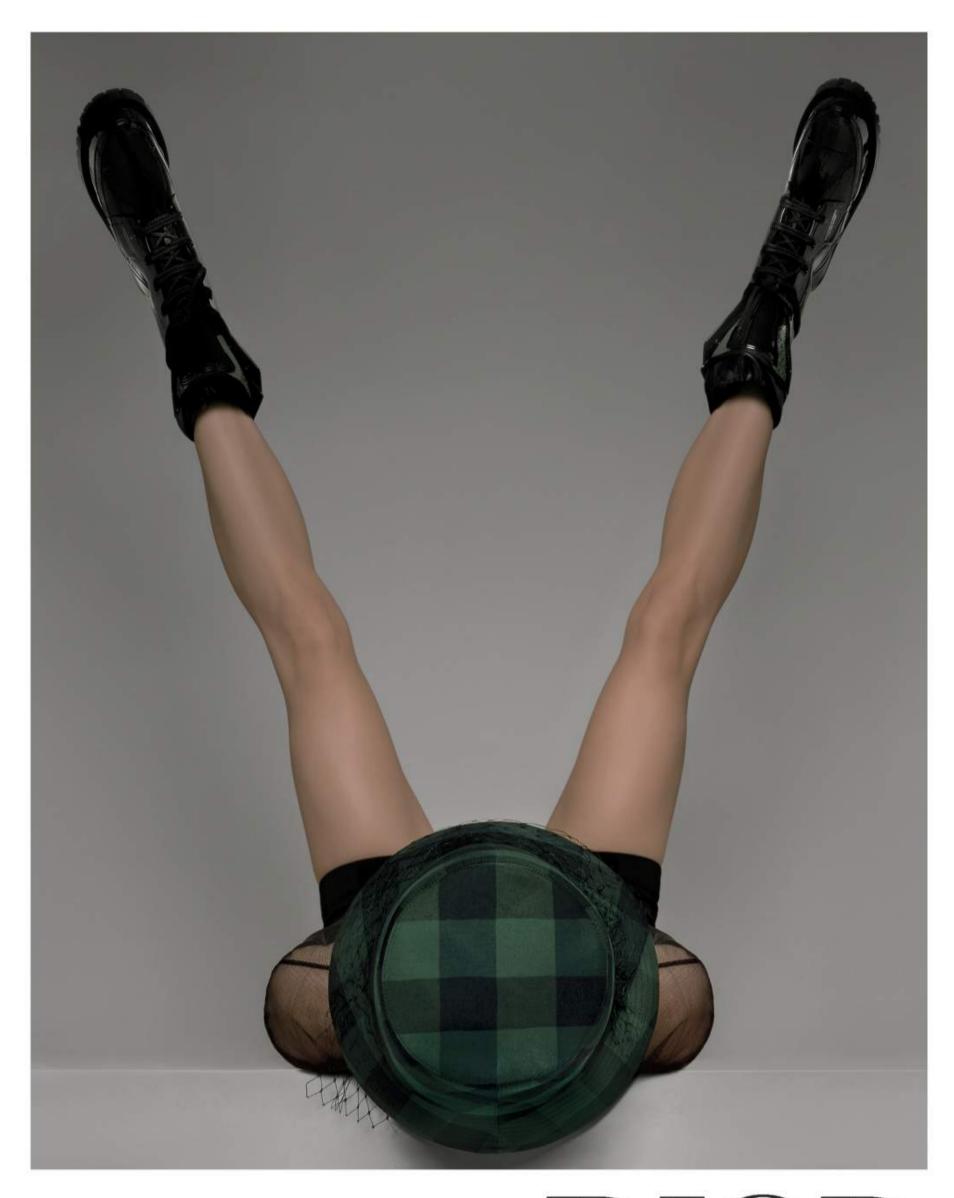








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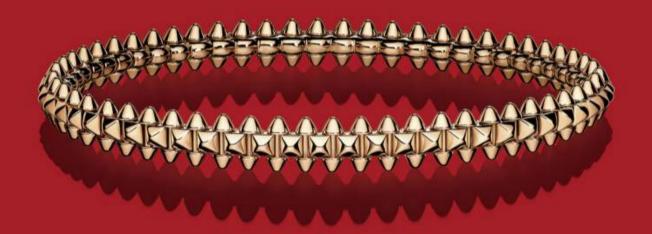




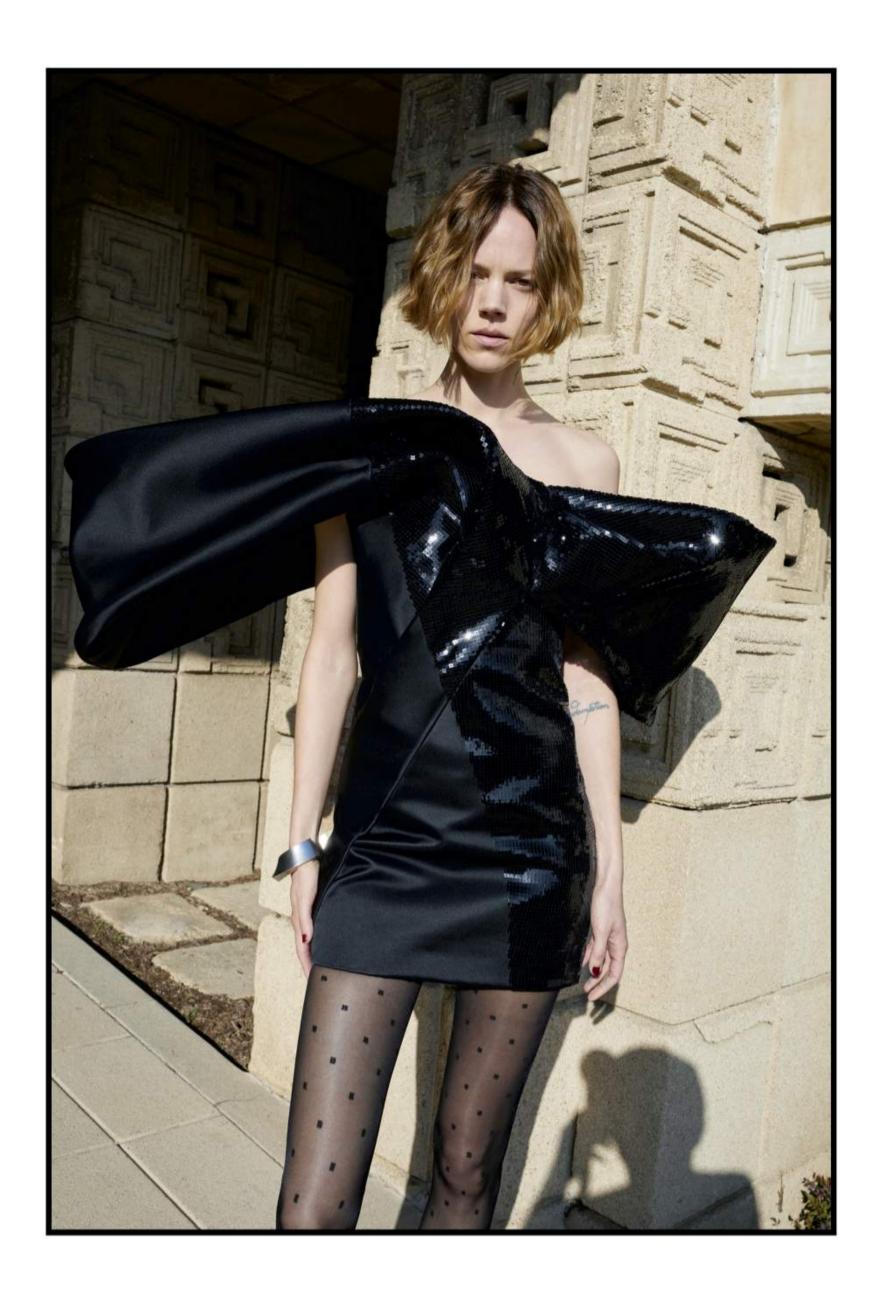




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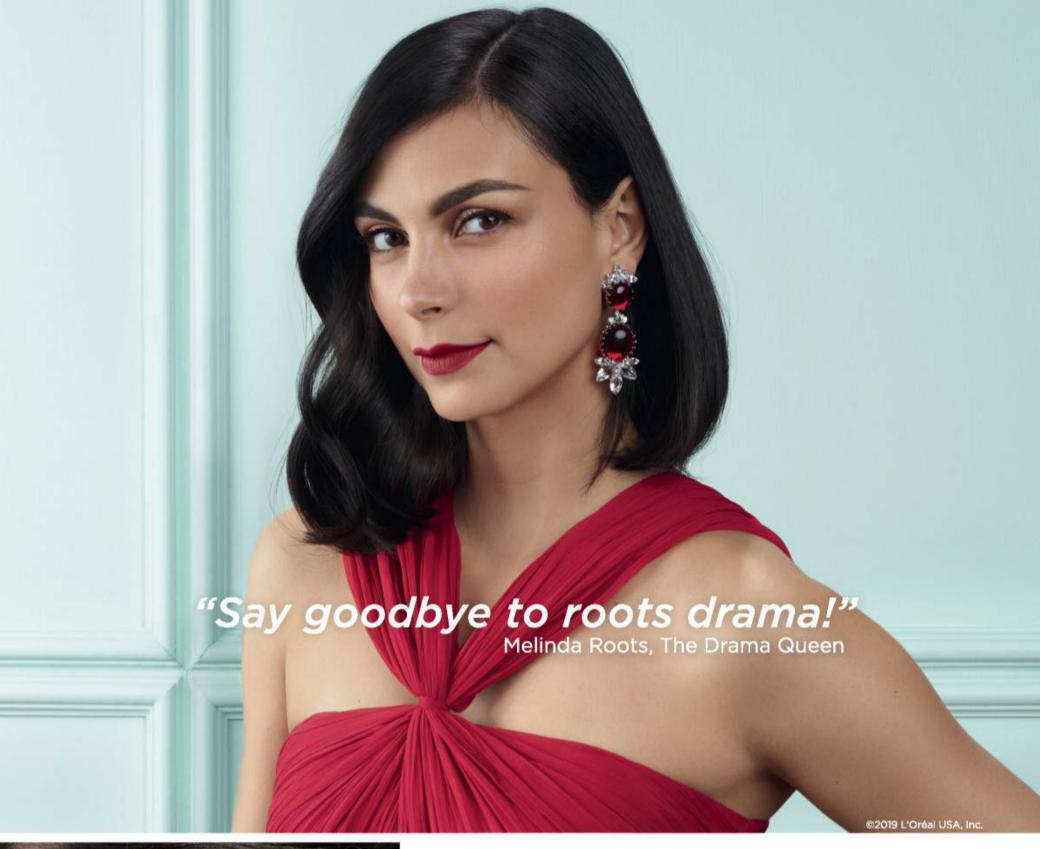




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# **WOGUE**

October 2019



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FKA TWIGS, WEARING A DIOR HAUTE COUTURE DRESS AND CATSUIT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ETHAN JAMES GREEN.

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## RALPH LAUREN













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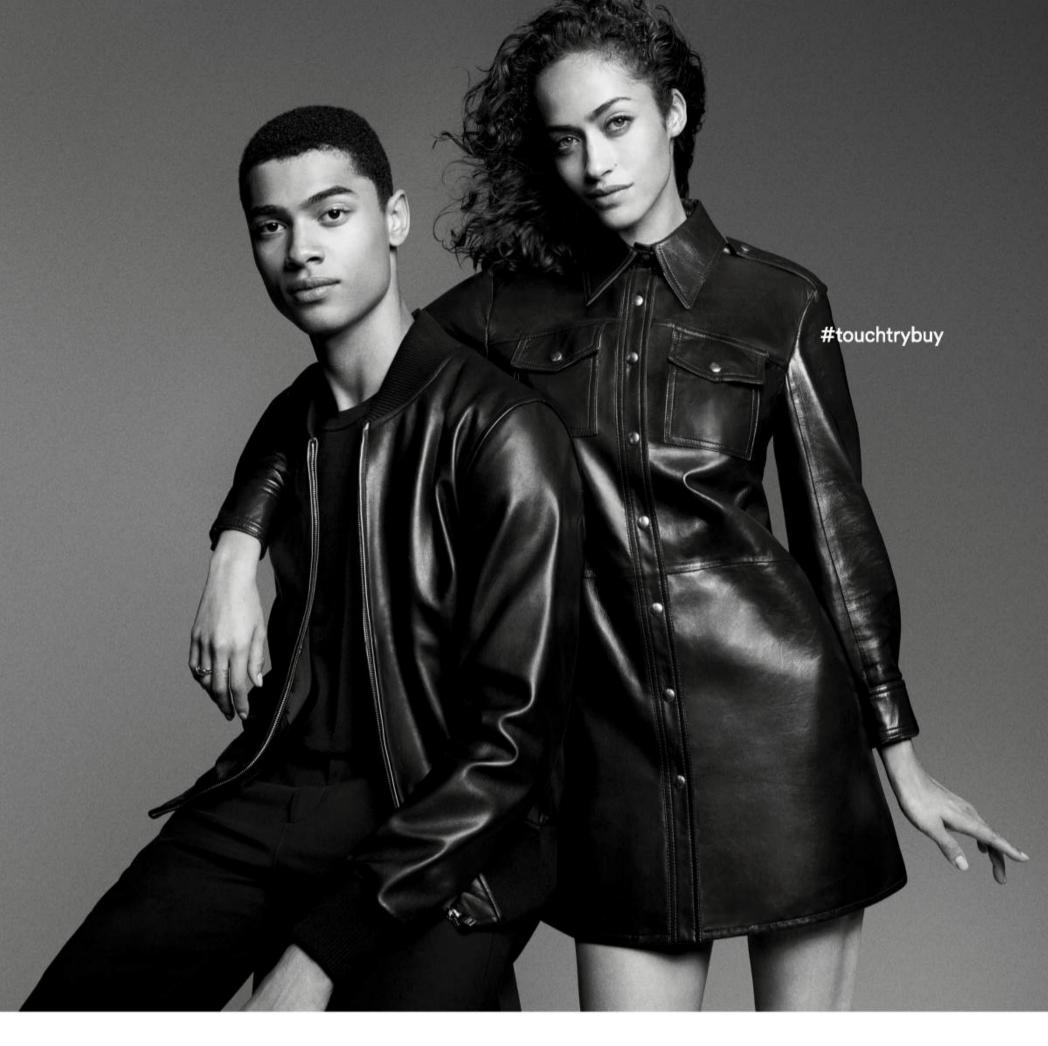


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"I'M NOT SORRY FOR BEING A PROUD SOMALI-AMERICAN AND A REFUGEE. NO APOLOGIES MEANS ABSOLUTE FREEDOM."

RIA ADAIACICE
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"BEING ANXIETY-RIDDEN IS A 21ST-CENTURY PHENOMENON. WE ALL SUBCONSCIOUSLY FEEL IT."

# MALE

October 2019



### **COUNTRY ROADS**

MODEL HAILEY BIEBER, SEEN AT WYOMING'S JACKSON HOLE HEREFORD RANCH, WEARS A COACH 1941 JACKET, DRESS, AND BOOTS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL JACKSON.

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Olivia Colman wears a Dolce & Gabbana cape and pants. Bylgari ring. Hermès boots. To get this look, try: Double Wear Stay-in-Place Makeup in Tawny, Bronze Goddess Illuminating Powder Gelée, Pure Color Envy Lipstick in Nude Scene, The Brow Multi-Tasker in Dark Brunette, Little Black Liner in Black, Pure Color Envy Lash Multi Effects Mascara in Black. All by Estée Lauder. Hair, Sally Hershberger; makeup, Francelle Daly. Details, see In This Issue. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

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## Letter from the Editor



Show of Forces

ON OCTOBER 10 AND 11 at Spring Studios in Manhattan, we will be holding our third Forces of Fashion summit, Forces for the Future. It will be a moment for us, as it has been in previous years, to have a series of animated, intimate, and (I hope) highly opinionated discussions with some of our favorite designers and figures of substance and style. As I write this letter, we already have a wonderful lineup confirmed: Tom Ford; Tory Burch; Balmain's Olivier Rousteing, soon to appear in a forthcoming and (so I gather) emotional documentary about his life and work; Kim Jones of Dior Men; Wes Gordon of Carolina Herrera; Proenza Schouler's Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez; and Virgil Abloh, surely one of the busiest people in fashion, what with his roles at both Off-White and Louis Vuitton, not to mention his successful career as a DJ.

Other names that I hope will further encourage you to make the trip to New York to join us: Cindy Crawford and her daughter (and fellow model), Kaia Gerber, will be speaking, something we announced a day or so after Kaia's 18th birthday, on September 3. When I met with Kaia recently, she impressed me with her intelligent and measured approach to her career—she's very much Cindy's daughter—and to modeling in general, especially at a time when the health and wellbeing of young women in the industry are rightly of paramount importance. Now that Kaia has reached an age where we can work with her—as you likely know, last year we made a strict commitment to photographing only models who are 18 and older—I look forward to seeing her in the pages of *Vogue* very soon.

We'll also have some newer fashion talents with us, including Grace Wales Bonner, Marine Serre, and Kerby Jean-Raymond, all of whom have EDITOR'S LETTER>72



AMONG THIS YEAR'S FORCES
OF FASHION SPEAKERS ARE
(CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT)
TOM FORD, TORY BURCH,
VIRGIL ABLOH, WES GORDON,
DONATELLA VERSACE, JACK
MCCOLLOUGH AND LAZARO
HERNANDEZ, AND CINDY
CRAWFORD AND KAIA GERBER.



# LOUIS VUITTON



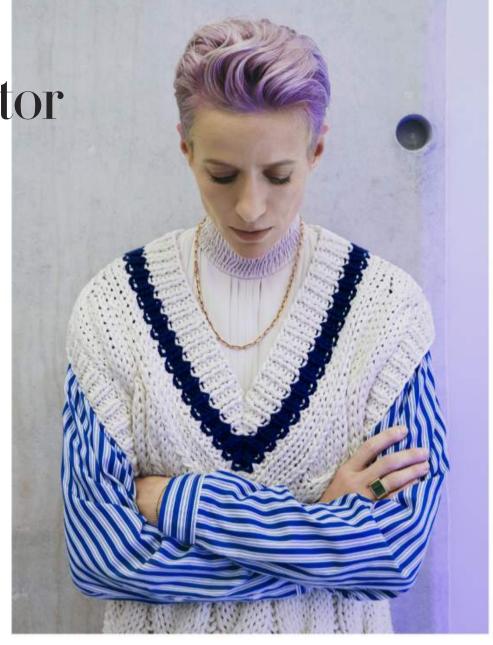
Letter from the Editor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 enlivened the scene with their creativity and their engagement with the important issues of today, from inclusivity and responsibility to sustainability. Our industry is much the better for their presence. And—a first for me—I will be in conversation with Donatella Versace. She and I go way back, to when her brother Gianni was still alive and our children weren't even in their teens. Donatella, of course, always sends herself up: "This is Marlboro country, Anna," she once said to me—while on horseback and between drags at her then ever-present cigarette—when we vacationed at a Montana dude ranch many years ago. But she's also smart and perceptive, as political as she is platinum blonde. "Fashion does not live in a vacuum—it reflects what is happening in the world," she recently told the writer Lynn Yaeger. "[It] can become a weapon to express oneself, to feel bold and brave. People are telling the world: Look at me, I have something to say."

In essence, that's what makes Forces so special: bringing together those who really have something to say. Fashion, like so many other forms of cultural expression, is taking an engaged and activist position on where we are right now. Tom Ford, for instance, who, in his new role as chair of the CFDA, is already a real statesman for this country's fashion industry, shrinking September's New York Fashion Week by several days, determined to push it further onto the world stage, understanding that we must look outward and not retreat inward. Or Tory Burch, who reminds me of many of the greats of American fashion in the way she has created a lifestyle around her clothes—and, in doing so, has used her platform for female-first philanthropic endeavors. It's my hope that they, and all of our other wonderful speakers at Forces, will leave you feeling informed—and inspired.

Another true force of fashion is Ralph Lauren, who will be the subject of an HBO documentary, *Very Ralph*, which airs in November. Writer Jason Gay visited him at his home in Montauk to hear more about it. We all refer to Ralph as just *Ralph*—it has a casual, familiar,

almost familial ring to it—yet as I watched this film unfold, the enormity of what he has achieved in his 52-year career was evident, with all of it driven by his brilliant and relentless pursuit of his vision. (So compellingly singular is his portrayal of the great outdoors, particularly the American West, that this issue's weekenddressing story, shot in and around Jackson, Wyoming, is in part a tribute to him.)



#### FIGHTING SPIRITS

ABOVE: MEGAN RAPINOE, COCAPTAIN OF THE 2019 U.S. WOMEN'S NATIONAL SOCCER TEAM (WEARING A PRADA VEST AND DRESS), PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACKIE NICKERSON. BELOW LEFT: RALPH AND RICKY LAUREN AT HOME ON LONG ISLAND IN 1977. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

What has always been so intriguing about Ralph is that, for someone who we all feel we know so well through his groundbreaking advertising and branding, he actually much prefers his private life over public visibility. There has always been an absolute adherence to the importance of family, and some of the most touching scenes in the film are where he recalls the early days of being with his wife, Ricky. Their relationship had, as Ralph recalls, an almost *Barefoot in the Park* quality to it before everything that was to follow unfolded, changing their young lives forever.

Lastly, one of the things that are most enjoyable about editing *Vogue* is the ability to turn on a dime and react to something going on in the world. That's the case with our shoot of the fall season's boldly striped looks on Megan Rapinoe and Alex Morgan, two members of our triumphant women's national soccer team, which won the World Cup for a record fourth time. That's cause enough for celebration, but the fact that these women also engendered a conversation about equal pay in the sport—something that got a rousing welcome back home—is just as admirable. That's the thing when you say something progressive and passionate: There's always a rapt audience ready to listen.

Almahitar.



# **UpFront**



# Only Disconnect

What happened when avowed technophile Virginia Heffernan tried to give her son a smartphone? A generational reminder of the joys of living off-line.

oward the back of my top dresser drawer—the one for pajamas—I have an iPhone 4 in a lime-green case. I bought this now-obsolete phone, refurbished, years ago, as a gift for my son on his 11th birthday. But it was never charged, never turned on, never brought blazing to life as I hoped it would be: with group texts, Instagram, Super Stickman Golf.

So the phone sits among my nightgowns, essentially deceased. I only recently acknowledged that it will never be what a phone should be—someone's steadfast companion, a guilty pleasure, a fetish object alive with the hallucinatory wonders of the entire angelic and demonic internet.

What happened is my son rejected my gift. He simply said *no* to the present I'd bought and wrapped for him. He didn't *want* a phone. He *really* didn't want a phone. As I protested that he need use it only for calls and texts, he dug in, and became emotional. *Please don't make me get a phone*. So I tucked the iPhone 4 in my drawer, assuming he'd come around. Three years later, he still hasn't.

Some of his resistance to digital culture is no doubt a reaction to my outsize embrace of it. When I was nine, in the earliest days of the internet, my family bought a terminal that could dial in to a spectacular, heaving mainframe belonging to Dartmouth College, in the center of Hanover, New Hampshire. The green letters on the black background mesmerized me, as did the crash and squeal of the modem.

My early experience of computing was pure romance. Even dialing the numbers on our rotary phone made my heart pound; forget about pressing the receiver into the acoustic coupler. When words came on the screen, I felt as if all the ideas in the world were being crushed through copper wire in my family's house in the woods, where they were now right at my fingertips. I could feel worldly just sitting in my bedroom.

Throughout middle school, I played online adventure games—many with a social element—for UP FRONT>76

#### **MIRROR, MIRROR**

MODEL ARIZONA MUSE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN KLEIN FOR *VOGUE*, 2015.





OPERA COLOR LIMITED EDITION

# Up Front Parenting and Tech

hours on end. I used the handle Athena. I made friends with an excellent crew of hackers, CB aficionados, metalheads, tech-curious athletes, and X-Men obsessives. Those early experiences with computers opened my imagination to new realms. They introduced me to a vast range of other minds. And they taught me the awesomely flexible and playful idiom I still encounter on Twitter.

In the early 1990s, I signed up for CompuServe and found email every bit as enchanting as the computer

"conferences" I'd loved as a kid. Getting regular mail is fantastic, but suddenly letters could be exchanged so *fast*—and email brought with it new conventions that allowed for experimentation in innuendo, humor, and what were, for me at the time, uncharacteristically brave forms of expression.

Getting a phone was a middle school rite of passage among his friends. He needed one, I reasoned—and I needed him to have one

In the next decade, I acquired a Motorola Razr almost the instant I saw one; then a BlackBerry; and finally an iPhone. Somewhere along the way the internet and television of my childhood merged with the mobile telephone of my young adulthood and became something magnificent, and at once, always by my side, a world of imaginative possibilities in one elegant rectangle of glass. While I've dropped many online practices and most social networks over the years, as the internet and I both change, I rarely feel guilty about using my phone. I've written about the internet for decades, from the point of view, mostly, of embrace. The digital era is where I feel at home.

hen my kids were born, in 2005 and 2009, and I mounted photo after photo of them on Facebook with overworked captions, I envied them being born into a digital world. Lucky kids, they also had

me—a chic internet habitué, not some Luddite rube afraid of her own shadow online, terrified of selfies and convinced she might restrict her household to 20 minutes a day "on the internet," as if anyone in our time ever fully gets off.

I looked on proudly as the kids walked around our block, trying out my Google Glass (at my insistence), easily mastering the flash-in-the-pan device I'd managed to wrangle as part of a pilot program. I imagined they'd both become virtuosos at digital culture, social media, online research. They'd create formidable, indomitable avatars with vast powers and an absolute immunity to scams, trolls, and disinformation. Their avatars, one day, would heroically match wits with J.K. Rowling and Soledad O'Brien, or whatever luminaries would dominate Twitter in the future.

One thing I couldn't imagine was that one of them would reject the internet entirely.

There were warning signs. For one, from the start, my son stubbornly didn't like pop music, blockbuster movies,

or slang. He didn't like seeing pictures of him, or anyone else he knew, online. Instead, he buried himself in history books and wore his pants rolled up because it was his "trademark." I swear it's not my fault. Like any good Gen X mom, I offered him Jolly Ranchers, pizza bites, and nonstop TV. He defied me.

And then somewhere along the line, as he tells it, he privately decided that if he were going to maintain his integrity in middle school, he would have to stay away

from phones. He set himself certain tasks in his education, and he calculated that he couldn't give up nearly seven hours per day—the national average—to phones and other screens.

For me this was a headache. His friends, when they were looking for him, had started to text me. And when he went off on his own for hours, I had no way to find

him. We're used to everyone being reachable; my son is, as a rule, not. Periodically we tried to coordinate using public phones. Occasionally he'd borrow a phone from a friend of his so he could call me, but he'd keep the conversations very short—like an international call in the old days. He seems to hear a doomsday clock ticking every time he gets *near* a mobile device.

All of that led up to the birthday present. I knew my son had his reservations, but I thought it was time. Getting a phone was a middle school rite of passage among his friends. He needed one, I reasoned—and I needed him to have one. Sure, he could sound high-minded when he railed against selfies and text-speak, but what human doesn't yield to the iPhone once they get some game app or sports-highlight reels on YouTube?

Oh, was I sorely mistaken. As I learned on his birthday, my son had decided three things about smartphones.

1. They're infantilizing, a set of digital apron strings meant to attach you to your mother. (He was onto something there.) 2. They compromise a boy's resourcefulness because kids come to rely on the GPS instead of learning Scout skills. 3. They make people trivial. This final observation bugs me the most, because he still expresses it whenever he sees me jabbing at my own device: "Texty texty! Emoji emoji!" And when I play my word games, he shouts, "GAMER!" That hurts. In short, my son says, he doesn't want a phone because he wants to be free.

And so our sensibilities collided that September day when he turned 11. I have to hand it to him—in the intervening three years he has stayed his course. He uses printed maps to find his way around. He doesn't play game apps. He's joined no social media. He knows no memes. But he also seems anxious about both heated political disputes on Twitter and adolescent social life. He despises Snapchat, but he's not big on school dances either.

Here's the thing: I *still* don't feel guilty about my "screen time." (And I dislike that concept: Is it the *New York Times* app or the Marco Polos with my mother

UP FRONT>78



# Up Front Parenting and Tech

that make the screen itself so poisonous that we must limit exposure to it?) But I also don't resent my son's resistance. And I've learned from it.

I've also learned about the use of tech from my 10-yearold daughter, who likewise didn't travel the digital path I thought I'd generously blazed for her. Like my son, she lacks a phone, but she's not righteous about it. Instead, she uses mine, or a laptop, to FaceTime with friends, make iMovies, and watch baking videos. Of that much I wholeheartedly approve, of course, and we sit together, companionably, on our screens, periodically showing each other funny or offbeat stuff—my paradise. (And, I realize and respect, the nightmare of many parents.)

But my daughter will also actually bake the cakes or bread she's seen demonstrated.

Her screen experience is not an end in itself. And she also has something else, something big, in common with my son: She doesn't like her picture taken and posted to Instagram. When I've done it, I say it's because I'm just proud of them and want to show them off. They both say that they never signed a waiver to let their likenesses be used for my promotional purposes.

Lately I've heard sinister rumors and ominous rumblings of a dangerous insurgency among kids who, like my own, have spent way too much of their lives being photographed for blogs, Facebook, YouTube, and other . . . promotional purposes.

In France, children can now sue their parents for posting photos of them on social networks; parents can even get jail time. And lately critics, including Josephine Livingstone in *The New Republic*, have taken to task mommy influencers—with their tousled blond sun-kissed kids in back-to-school set pieces—for advertising their offspring for a bagful of swag.

Okay, okay, so kids don't want to be on social media anymore. Whatever. But seriously: What is *wrong* with young people these days? It's almost like they don't like Instagram! And have concerns about security!

his past summer, to celebrate his graduation from middle school, I took my son, now 14, to Ireland. It was his request—he pictured the countryside as quiet and green, with more golf than golf apps, and just jigs rather than Just Dance.

He was right. We stayed in an Airbnb on a road so remote it didn't have a name on any map. The Wi-Fi was spotty, but more than that: I had forgotten my adapter in Dublin, so I couldn't charge my phone. At first I darted frantically around one tiny farming village, trying in vain

to find one, but then something like a revelation hit me. I decided to let my phone die.

A few hours after it blinked out, the final 1% giving way to a featureless, blank screen, my son and I decided to light out for a pub about 10 minutes' walk from our cottage. Over bar snacks, we talked to locals who told us about a church we should walk to—another 15 minutes away. Dutiful tourists, we hoofed it to St. Ailbe's, a solemn-looking Gothic Revival affair in hazel-colored sandstone, on a cruciform plan.

In the strange, turquoise light of a midsummer night in County Tipperary, the remote country church looked more like a genuine sanctuary than a tourist attraction, and when I learned the site had been continuously used

> for religious purposes for more than 1,500 years, that made sense in my bones, even as I drew a blank about the year 519. ("That's the heyday of Constantinople!" my son said, exasperated.)

Finally, as the light dimmed, my son and I started to head back to our cottage. Early on, we hit an intersection and veered right instead of left. Thus began a walkabout in the darkening Irish countryside that lasted from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

The walk was psychedelic, if psychedelia can encompass both weird jokes and surpassing peace. It included one ride in a monstrous thresher; a few attempts to approach houses only to have curtains shut to us; an effort to

navigate by the stars; encounters with some two dozen cows; moments of mania, panic, despair, and euphoria; some improvised songs in fake Gaelic; and a long, infinitely sweet conversation about, of all things, God.

The fairy-tale landscape, lit aslant by the sinking sun, which never entirely set, was like an all-green kaleidoscope with limitless settings. It changed to shades that, like our road, had no names.

I tried some Tolkien to lift our spirits: "Not all those who wander are—"

"Oh, we're lost," said my son. And we were.

At last two women, dressed, I swear, like nuns, picked us up and drove us home.

My uncharged phone seemed almost alien beside my bed. My son tucked in and was asleep immediately. It took me longer. For five extraterrestrial hours we had snapped the invisible strings that tether all phone-owners to the internet and its global positioning systems. One of the greatest experiences of my life—and there would never be photographs of it. My son was right. I had been something I hadn't been in years: lost and—what's more—unfindable. Or, as my wonderful phoneless walking companion would say, free. □



**OUT OF RANGE**THE AUTHOR AND HER SMARTPHONE-LESS SON, BEN, 14, ON VACATION LAST SUMMER IN IRELAND.

# COVERGIRL





## **Coming to America**

Having staked a reputation on its easy sense of cool, the Copenhagen-based label Ganni is crossing a new frontier: the USA. FASHION Given its meteoric rise over the last few years, you'd be forgiven for thinking Ganni was a brand-new label. Not quite: It's been around since 2000, when gallerist Frans Truelsen set out to create the perfect cashmere sweater. Nine years later, he brought in Nicolaj and Ditte

Reffstrup to scale his little knitwear company, and the husband-and-wife duo have spent the past decade building Ganni into an international business, dressing a few influential women (Gigi Hadid, FASHION>82

COMFORT ZONE
DITTE AND NICOLAJ
REFFSTRUP AT
HOME IN
COPENHAGEN WITH
THEIR CHILDREN.



### VLIFE

Beyoncé, Kendall Jenner, and Rihanna among them) along the way—all from the *hygge*-filled enclave of Copenhagen.

The Danish capital is, of course, central to Ganni's charm: If you had to choose one look to define the #GanniGirl (it's a thing), it would be a printed dress and "sneaks," as Ditte calls them, all the better to bike around Vesterbro—a neighborhood populated by, arguably, the world's most stylish cyclists.

"The Copenhagen girl would never wear a wrap dress with high heels," Nicolaj, 45, says. "It would feel too girly and romantic." She would, however, mix up animal prints, or pair a Victorian blouse with cowboy boots, two styling tricks we've seen on the Ganni runway. Ditte, 42, likes to call it "Scandi style 2.0," a departure from the stark minimalism the region is so known for.

That Copenhagen girls can actually buy Ganni is key. Nicolaj says much of the brand's success comes down to prices he calls "honest" (most items hover around or below \$400), paired with a directional approach. "It's fashion, but informal and effortless," he says.

It's little wonder that American women are drawn to it—and in a twist of serendipity, the Reffstrups have always been fascinated with the U.S. "I grew up in a small fisherman town where there were no magazines, but there was MTV," Ditte says. "My window to the U.S. was Madonna—and of course those Calvin Klein and Levi's campaigns. There was so much diversity and freedom."

This month, the Reffstrups will experience America like never before on a cross-country road trip, starting in New York and ending in Los Angeles (Ganni stores are set to open on both coasts). They've rented a hybrid Volvo for the adventure and are bringing their children—Betty Lou, nine; Jens Otto, seven; and Rita Sophie, two—along for the ride. Their first stop is Richmond, home of their very first American stockist, Need Supply Co., followed by an assortment of cities—including Nashville, New Orleans, and Dallas—where they'll visit stores and meet customers.

New York model Paloma Elsesser began shopping the label a few years ago and finds that it "embodies balance and ease, like a dress with a hiking boot—it's playful but comfortable," she says. "I've been gravitating toward brands that make getting dressed feel fun and malleable for all of the things I have to do in the day." Another plus? "They're having conversations about sustainability and transparency, which I love."

Though the Reffstrups don't shout about sustainability on Instagram or in their marketing, they have ambitious goals. They often use dead stock or recycled fabrics, and both their L.A. and New York stores will feature recycled and reclaimed building materials. Nicolaj is particularly excited about Ganni Lab, an experiment in carbon-neutral design supported by the United Nations, and this year the label will introduce its own clothing-rental platform, as well as a program for customers to return items for repurposing and recycling. They've also set a target to be carbon neutral by 2050—"but hopefully it will happen much sooner," Nicolaj insists. Like we said: ambitious.—EMILY FARRA







FALL SKIN-CARE GUIDE

WHEN SHE'S NOT BUSY LIFTING and toning the jawlines of Amber Valletta and Naomi Campbell, Danuta Mieloch, the facialist and founder of Rescue Spa in New York and Philadelphia, can be found in the workspace of her Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farmhouse. After more than 15 years as an in-demand aesthetician, Mieloch is endlessly tinkering with her first product: a stand-alone, milky-smooth cream of her own design. "I'm obsessed with finding that potion that does it all," she says.

She's not the only one. Following inevitable fatigue from multistep skin-care routines popularized by Korean beauty imports, and viral tutorials on YouTube and Instagram, there is a new demand for streamlined, do-it-all moisturizers. At her spa's boutique, Mieloch is consistently reupping her supply of Biologique Recherche Creme MSRH to balance dry, hormonal skin ("I can't wean women off it"), and The Face Cream from Dr. Barbara Sturm, the Düsseldorf-based physician better known for the bespoke collagen-stimulating salve she makes for patients spiked with their own blood cells. And don't get Mieloch started on her Augustinus Bader. The German biomedical professor's debut product, simply called The Cream, launched last year with the same, hyper-reparative amino acids used in his medical-grade burn gel. Backed by Melanie Griffith

and fronted by Diane Kruger, the intensely hydrating cream is on track to exceed sales of \$20 million this year.

"I think everyone wants to invest in simple routines now," Dallas-based facialist Joanna Czech says of today's skin-care enthusiasts, who have been raised on clean ingredients, transparent practices, and the often overhyped promises of social media. "They don't want 17 serums or oils, which to be honest, are not necessary." Czech has little trouble moving jars of the German brand Medical Beauty Research (MBR)'s plumping Cream Extraordinary, or Chuda's Healing Hydrating Cream. "There's this movement toward really focusing on keeping extra products to a minimum," says Larissa Jensen, a beauty-industry analyst for the market-research firm NPD Group, which saw a 8% spike in moisturizing creams last year while sales of moisturizing face oils, that onetime skin-care favorite, dropped by 4%.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Seoul is already ahead of this shift. AHC, a Korean-based company, has just launched its Essential Real Eye Cream for Face in the U.S. One tube of the multitasker, a lighter version of the line's hugely popular eye cream that fans were using off-label on their cheeks for an extra glow, reportedly sells every three seconds in Korea—a statistic that should inspire Mieloch to work a little faster.—KARI MOLVAR

BEAUTY>88



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THE PROFESSIONAL:

### Rosemarie Ingleton, M.D.

As one of the country's most prominent dermatologists of color, Rosemarie Ingleton, M.D.—an assistant clinical professor of dermatology at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York—knows a thing or two about pigmentation. "Discoloration is the numberone complaint I get from my patients who are people of color," says the Jamaican-born Ingleton, whose clients have included Chrissy Teigen and Iman, as well as Ashley Graham and Adriana Lima. Now she's combining 23 years of experience and her Caribbean heritage into a just-launched skin-care range that features a signature moisturizer plus four boosters to combat discoloration, fine lines, breakouts, and irritation. But Rose Ingleton MD Skincare, as the streamlined system designed for all skin tones is called, isn't your average dermatologist brand. "I wasn't seeking to do prescription-grade products," says Ingleton, who focused instead on ingredients sourced from her childhood. Each product contains a Jamaican superfruit blend-five botanical extracts, including skin-resurfacing sugarcane—along with targeted additions, such as anti-inflammatory sea whip, a marine organism harvested from the Caribbean Sea. It's funny," she says. "The stuff that really

#### ISLAND TIME

works has been around forever."-JANCEE DUNN

POWERED BY JAMAICAN SUPERFRUITS, INGLETON'S NEW LINE SHOULD BE A HIT WITH HER FANS, WHO INCLUDE CHRISSY TEIGEN AND IMAN. THE IT INGREDIENT:

### **Bakuchiol**

Dermatologists have come to a consensus on at least one viable solution for delaying the aging process: "Retinol is the holy grail," Mona Gohara, M.D., an associate clinical professor of dermatology at Yale University, says of the vitamin A derivative known for increasing collagen production and reducing collagen breakdown. But its less desirable outcomes-peeling, dryness, redness, and the fact that it's classified by the FDA as a category C drug, which carries potential risks for expectant mothers can often outweigh its benefits. Enter bakuchiol, a plant-based retinol alternative gaining traction

in skin-care circles.
"It has vitamin A's benefits without the side effects," says Gohara of the botanical distilled from the seeds and leaves of the Indian

babchi plant, which has been used for centuries in Ayurvedic medicine to treat skin conditions. Clinically comparable to retinol but with none of the irritation, bakuchiol is safe for most skin types. And unlike retinol, which breaks down in the sun, it can be worn during the day—a boon to new products from brands such as Herbivore Botanicals and Beautycounter. While the early research is promising, Miami-based dermatologist Leslie Baumann, M.D., isn't ready to abandon retinoids, which have been "proven in dozens of studies to work." But "women want choices, and now they have them," notes Gohara—especially women with sensitive skin and those who are expecting. One of bakuchiol's added perks: It's safe to use while pregnant and nursing. —BAZE MPINJA

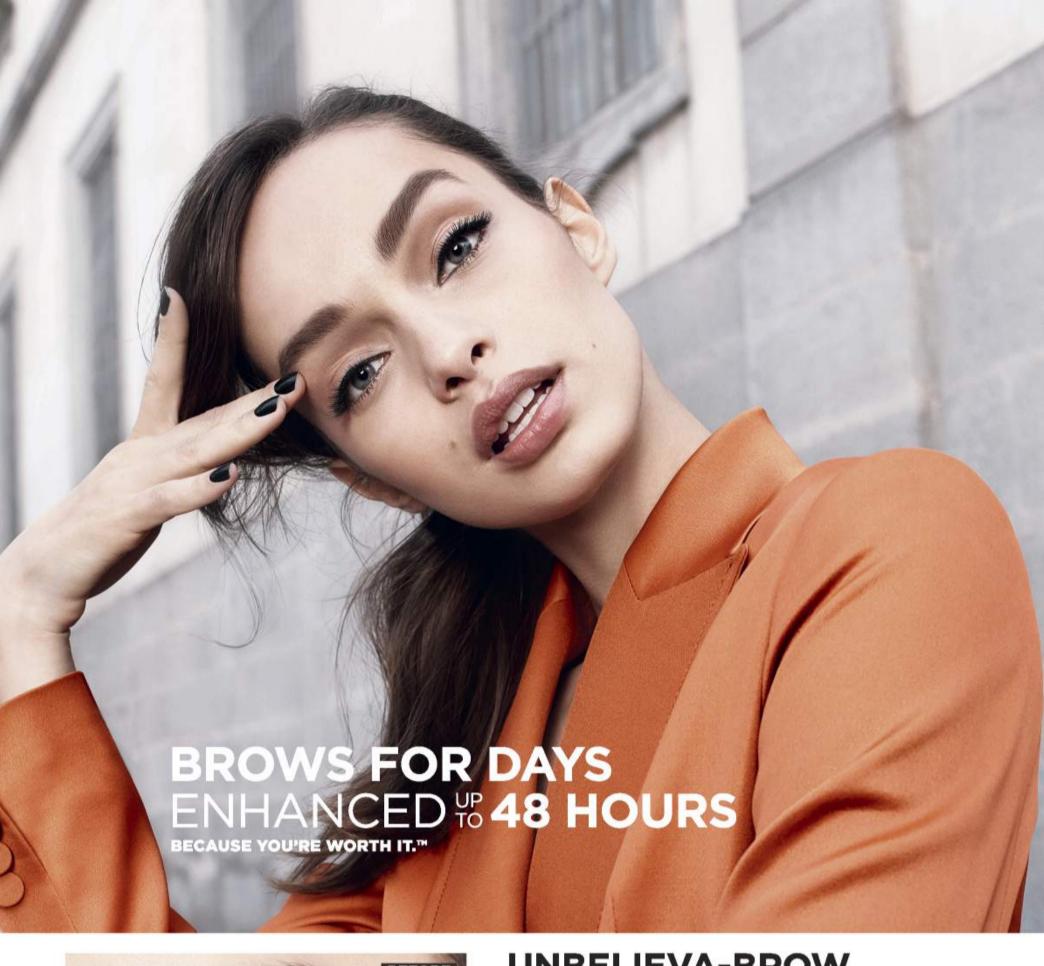


BEAUTY>90

#### THE A LIST

UNLIKE RETINOL, WHICH BREAKS DOWN IN THE SUN, THE PLANT-BASED VITAMIN A ALTERNATIVE CAN BE WORN DURING THE DAY.







## UNBELIEVA-BROW LONGWEAR BROW GEL

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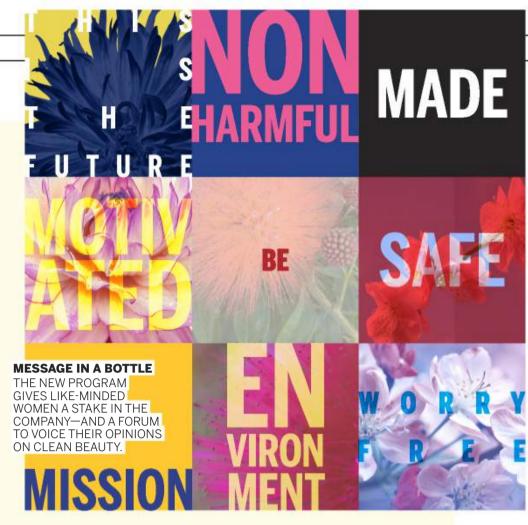
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THE FACES:

#### True Botanicals' **Band of Activists**

When True Botanicals signed the actor and director Olivia Wilde as its "Chief Brand Activist" in 2017, it seemed like a clever play on the more standard brand-ambassador title. But as Wilde has used the platform to become increasingly vocal about potentially harmful ingredients in personal-care products, the idea has gone from a moment to a movement based around radical transparency. "This is the future," says Laura Dern, who joins Wilde and Joker star Zazie Beetz in True Botanicals' newly formed Band of Activists, a program that debuts this month whereby all three women will amplify the critical conversation around exposure to toxins in our skin care. A longtime environmentalist who has worked with organizations such as the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), Dern was compelled to join True Botanicals due in part to its commitment to Made Safe—a rigorous third-party certifying body that checks personal-care products for over 5,000 potentially harmful chemicals. "It's more of a long-term investment," Beetz says of engaging with a brand



that encourages her to advocate publicly for changing beauty standards—and bringing the efficacy of products such as True Botanicals' skin-plumping Renew Repair Serum to the drugstore. "It's important that quality like this is one day accessible to everyone."—FIORELLA VALDESOLO



## **Bioengineered Beauty**

As the associate director of materials development at Bolt Threads—a stylish, vegan textile laboratory just north of Oakland where an honorary lab coat hangs for Stella McCartney, one of its earliest clients—biomedical engineer Lindsay Wray, Ph.D., is Silicon Valley's own Peter Parker. While it might "sound like science

fiction," spider silk is actually stronger than the material created by silkworms, according to Wray. In developing Bolt's proprietary method for growing synthetic spider silk, she realized its possibilities in skin care. "It seemed so obvious," the 33-year-old says of the fact that at the molecular level, B-Silk, as Bolt Threads'

bioengineered silk protein is called, is similar to collagen and elastin, so the body readily accepts its regenerative benefits. Earlier this year, Wray became the chief science officer of Eighteen B, Bolt's first internal complexion brand, which incorporates the 18 power-packed amino acids in the synthesized ingredient into a weightless hydrogel moisturizer, a rich cream, and, as of August, a new serum that acts as a carrier to seal moisture in and as a barrier to keep environmental aggressors out. "It's a platform, not a one-trick pony," Wray adds of B-Silk's infinite potential as a sustainable ingredient, in which there is no shortage of interest. Among its early adopters is McCartney herself. Adds Wray, "She's one of our biggest fans."

---MACKENZIE WAGONER





### **Next Steps**

With an exclusive Christian Louboutin capsule, a new Nordstrom flagship in Manhattan gets the red sole treatment

When Christian Louboutin was a little boy, **FASHION** he spent almost every weekend at the Palais de la Porte Dorée, a museum near his home in the 12th arrondissement of Paris. Funny how these early memories stay with you—decades later, the designer is still haunted by the museum's doors, designed by an 18-year-old Jean Prouvé and featuring a pattern of pyramids. Those gates along with all the excitement experienced by a young boy

traversing those halls long ago—inspired Louboutin's latest creations: an exclusive collaboration in honor of the opening

"The gates had black stripes in metal—one part was always in shadow and one in light, like the triangles on these shoes," Louboutin says. He's cradling a vertiginous stiletto that boasts a strap enlivened with spiky metallic pyramids that he swears will take the light just like those beloved doors; nearby, another pair features pyramids printed on a silky foulard to wrap around an alluring ankle. Louboutin says he imagines their wearer as an intrepid woman—an adventurer who loves Egypt, as he does. (It is his favorite place to visit, and he owns a supremely chic houseboat on the Nile.) He pictures this glamazon wafting across desert sands, bringing with her only the bare necessities—but, he says, laughing, "She has to have her shoes! It's high-profile camping!"

This heroine's pluck will be celebrated when Louboutin's 30-odd-piece collection—in addition to the famous crimson soles, it includes travel accessories, handbags, FASHION>94

#### **MAIDEN VOYAGE**

FOR THIS NEW STILETTO, CALLED THE BAIGNEUSE (ABOVE LEFT. \$995: NORDSTROM STORES), LOUBOUTIN IMAGINED A WOMAN WHO LOVES TO TRAVEL AS MUCH AS HE DOES. ABOVE, THE BAS-RELIEF FAÇADE OF THE PALAIS DE LA PORTE DORÉE IN PARIS. TOP LEFT, A WEDDING PORTRAIT INSIDE LOUBOUTIN'S EGYPTIAN HOUSEBOAT (PICTURED TOP RIGHT).



#### VLIFE

and even snow globes—arrives at the newest Nordstrom, where it will be installed in a tentlike structure rising to a 20-foot ceiling in the middle of the store's main floor. This cool bivouac will feature Louboutin-red carpets, along with a display built from cargo boxes. "I'm bringing a part of that dear museum to New York," Louboutin says dreamily.

The cheerful mayhem of 57th Street and Broadway is hardly dreamy, but that bustle is just what Pete Nordstrom says he is looking forward to most. Nordstrom, a fourthgeneration member of the retail family and copresident of the empire that bears his name, acknowledges the challenges

"Sure, it's a little scary," says Pete Nordstrom of his new store. "But in a good way" facing brick-and-mortar outposts these days—which seem as daunting as trekking across the desert in towering Louboutins—but insists that planning for seven years, spending a small fortune, and building a 320,000-square-foot edifice that is part new construction, part careful restoration of three historic buildings is the right move at the right time.

"New York is probably the most important shopping destination in the world, so it's hard to imagine that we wouldn't want to be here!" he says.

Okay—but what about the fact that people are buying more and more online and visiting actual shops less and less? Nordstrom disputes this conventional wisdom, insisting that having a physical presence actually drives online business. "Sure, it's a little scary," he says, "but in a good way."

Having offerings like the Louboutin collaboration is just the beginning of what Nordstrom says makes his new store so special. (The storied shoe designer joins other such fashion luminaries as Burberry and Simone Rocha and rising stars including Marine Serre and Bode in the new space.) There's also what he describes as an extraordinary level of service—seven restaurants and bars, a second-floor spa where you can pop in for a quick blow-out or spend an entire sybaritic day, and—perhaps best of all!—the ready availability of cocktails. (Wouldn't a gin and tonic be a welcome addition when you're shoving your recalcitrant feet into endless pairs of boots?) The store has no big windows facing the street—maybe window displays are so last-century?—relying instead on a glass façade and a spectacular shifting panorama of light to seduce passersby.

The company is also opening at least two little satellite shops that they call Nordstrom Local. Slated for the Upper East Side and the West Village, these are spaces where, as Nordstrom envisions it, you can meet up with a stylist or bring in stuff you just ordered online—some turkeys that just didn't work, some things that you love but that need tailoring. (Full disclosure—as a world-class department-store shopper, but also a shameless serial buyer-and-returner, I find this idea particularly magical.)

"We want to be the go-to place where you can grab a cup of coffee and come with kids," Nordstrom says. And maybe some of those kids will end up falling in love with the wonders of a department store—a retail palace that fuels childhood hopes and dreams, as compelling in its own way as a Parisian museum that once captivated a young boy?—LYNN YAEGER



#### MADE IN THE SHADE

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE OMEGA LAMP.

geometries. (Spot them dimming

the room at Keith McNally's newly

brushstrokes," says Bradbury. "It's

learn to keep it loose."—LILAH RAMZI

reopened Pastis in Manhattan.)

"Turn on the light and see the

labor-intensive, but I've had to



# JIMMY CHOO FEVER



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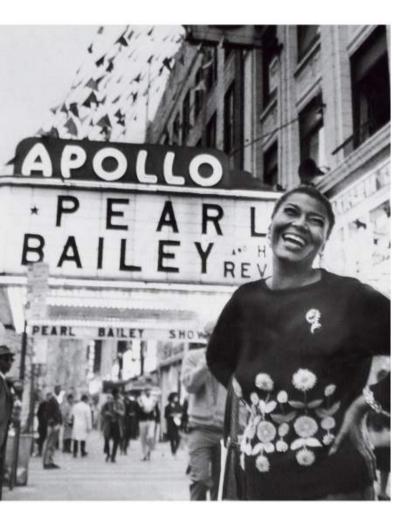
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#### VLIFE



#### **On Pitch**

A new film spotlights the storied stage of the Apollo.

**DOCUMENTARY** When Ella Fitzgerald took to the Apollo Theater stage for amateur night in 1934, she forgot the

words to the song she intended to sing and instead broke into a sweet scat that changed musical history. Billie Holiday sang "Strange Fruit" at the legendary Harlem venue "because she knew that was a safe space" for a cutting protest song, says Mikki Shepard, the former creative visionary at the 85-year-old institution. These and many more pivotal moments are chronicled in the new documentary from Oscar- and Emmy-winning director Roger Ross Williams, *The Apollo*, debuting this fall on HBO. Among the other notable appearances: Gladys Knight & the Pips, Savion Glover, Lauryn Hill, (a very) Little Stevie Wonder, as well as James Brown, who sang in the heady summer of 1968. "It was at the Apollo that James Brown got onstage and cried to the community, 'I'm black and

MARQUEE MOMENT SINGER PEARL BAILEY HEADLINED

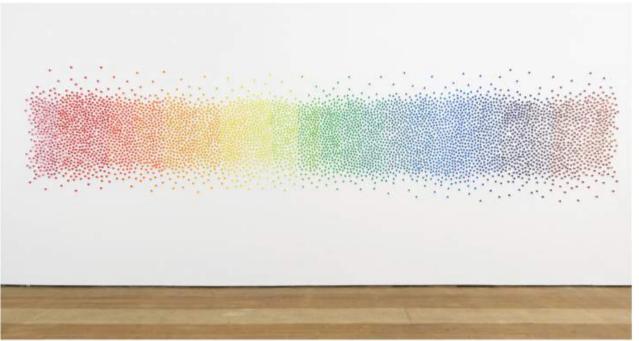
IN 1965.

I'm proud," says Kamilah Forbes, the theater's current executive producer. "That wasn't just a performance. That was an opportunity to really be in dialogue about what was happening and how we needed to embrace our own identity."—ROBERT SULLIVAN

#### **A Sense of Place**

Teresita Fernández takes her genre-defying landscape art to Miami for a mid-career retrospective.

Teresita Fernández is what **ART** you might call a conceptual landscape artist. But if the genre brings to mind, say, the placid, leafy oil paintings of the Hudson River School, Fernández's interpretation is far more expansive. She's interested in excavating past histories: of people, colonization, violence. And landscape is not just the 51-year-old artist's subject matter; it's her medium. The Florida-born, Brooklynbased artist works with gold, graphite, iron ore, and clay—"materials that are parts of actual places." Take Fire (United States of the Americas) 2, which will appear in "Elemental," Fernández's mid-career retrospective opening at the Pérez Art Museum Miami this month (traveling subsequently to Phoenix and New Orleans): It's a monumental map of the continental United States sculpted from raw charcoal that recalls both the current incendiary national discourse and the historical tradition of slash-andburn farming by indigenous peoples.



#### **COLOR STUDIES**

FERNÁNDEZ'S ART, LIKE 3:37 P.M. (ABOVE), REFLECTS AN AFFINITY FOR COLOR.

Fernández's *Viñales* panels, made of glazed ceramic and inspired by the otherworldly topography of Cuba's Viñales Valley and by X-ray images of striations deep within hunks of central African malachite, are another example.

Is this interest in what she calls "stacked landscapes" linked to Fernández's identity as a Cuban-American? (While Fernández was raised in south Florida, she's the daughter of Cuban parents who fled the revolution; she was also, incidentally, the first Latina artist to serve on the U.S. Commission of Fine Arts, appointed in 2011 by President Obama.) "I think it's pretty common for people with a hyphenated existence in the United States to experience the world this way: many places simultaneously," the artist explains. "But what I'm really preoccupied with right now is how it feels to be an American citizen who feels like a foreigner sometimes, always negotiating that idea of defining 'American.'"—JULIA FELSENTHAL

DOC: NEW YORK DAILY NEWS ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES. ART: TERESITA FERNÁNDEZ. 3:37 P.M. 2001. ACRYLIC AND MIXED MEDIA, 60 X 282 X 0.81 COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND LEHMANN MAUPIN, NEW YORK, HONG KONG, AND SEOUL. PHOTO: MATTHEW HERRMANN.



## INSTA GLAM

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### PARADISE FOUND THE SINGER (LEFT), WHOSE ALBUM

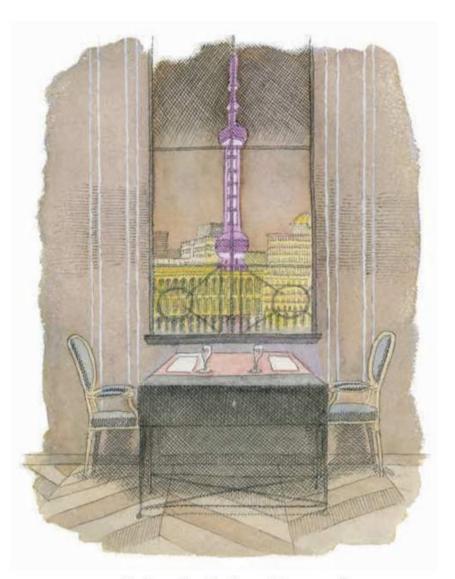
HIGH EXPECTATIONS
AND MIXTAPE IVY TO
ROSES ARE FILLED
WITH POP AND R&B
ANTHEMS.

# **Love Child**

Mabel may have been born to musical parents, but as her debut album shows, her talent is all her own. sitting room, but few appear before the caliber of audience that Mabel—the youngest daughter of Massive Attack producer Cameron McVey and Swedish hitmaker Neneh Cherry—took for granted. "Whenever I knew my parents had friends coming round, I'd be like, 'Okay, tonight I'm going to do a show,' "recalls the singer, whose uncle is Eagle-Eye Cherry and godfather is Michael Stipe.

Today, of course, Mabel, who was nominated for British Breakthrough Act at this year's BRIT Awards, is used to much larger audiences. She's already conquered a slew of screaming arenas in Europe and will soon headline in the U.S. "I'm like, 'Sick, let's do that,' "she says, whenever an opportunity to perform presents itself. "I want as many people as possible to listen to my songs." Anyone who's even passed by a club this year probably already has: Mabel, whose debut album, *High Expectations*, was released this summer, specializes in the sort of anthemic R&B tunes that DJs can rely on to get even the deadest of dance floors shaking. Her over-it-all single "Don't Call Me Up" is thus far the top-selling single by a U.K. female artist of 2019.

We are meeting in a quiet corner of Peckham Levels, a multistory car park turned Instagrammable arts venue in South London. Mabel, who shot an early music video in the building's neon-pink stairwell, has dressed TALENT>104



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### VLIFE

with the sort of can't-be-bothered sexiness that only those at the dewy dawn of adulthood can pull off: cycle shorts, a Calvin Klein bralette, and fluffy Fendi slides. "Lashes, nails, and hair," she confides. "That's how you can get away with it."

The ability to feel comfortable anywhere is something the 23-year-old learned young. Born in Málaga, Mabel had lived in London, Stockholm, and London again by the time she was 18, spending most of her teenage years in Sweden. Since releasing her debut single in 2015, Mabel has chosen to lean into this itinerant lifestyle. "I wake up in hotels now, and I have no idea where I am," she says. Still, anything beats being bored in Sweden. The country venerated by lifestyle bloggers for its philosophy of *lagom*—balance and moderation in all things—was too small, slow, and obsessed with acoustic guitars for a girl who dressed like Aaliyah (the result, she says, of having two older sisters obsessed with '90s

"Whenever I knew my parents had friends coming round, I'd be like, 'Okay, tonight I'm going to do a show"

R&B). "I felt trapped," Mabel recalls. "I didn't look right. I didn't sound right." She became depressed and left school in her teens to study at home. "I wonder sometimes if it was extreme exhaustion from being really anxious," she says. Mabel now views the depression as situational but the anxiety as lifelong—a reality she confronts on *High Expectation*'s "OK (Anxiety Anthem)." "I'm not going to wake up one day and it's just going to be gone forever, and that's fine," she tells me.

Tonight she's dedicating a rare night off to cooking vegan lasagna with friends at her flat in Notting Hill—a decorous neighborhood that she chose explicitly because "I'm not going to run into people who I'd bump into in the club." When she has a break she reads—currently Isabel Allende's *Maya's Notebook*—and plays the piano that sits pride of place in her otherwise sparsely furnished apartment. (She's converted the master bedroom into a walk-in wardrobe to house her sneaker collection.)

Mabel knows it would be a bad idea to get too comfortable right now. With the exception of "OK," High Expectations is an album almost exclusively about her exes. Mabel *loves* love—and tells me so repeatedly. She even kind of loves heartbreak. The problem is that it's been ages since there was time for any of it. She says she's so busy that she's been single for a year and a half (then sheepishly corrects the record: It's been more like two). While she eventually hopes to find a relationship that emulates her parents' 30-plus-year partnership, she's mature enough to know that what she needs right now is—ironically a bit more drama in her life. "There's only so many songs that I can write about being really happy," she tells me bluntly, rapping her beige acrylics on the table with sweet. scheming intent. "Who's album two?" she muses. "Where do I look for you?"—HARRIET FITCH LITTLE





# HERNO



With legions of women clamoring for her makeup and wellness secrets, Victoria Beckham is (finally) giving the people what they want with her first in-house beauty brand.

they first locked eyes. Victoria Beckham famously met her husband, David, in the Manchester United players' lounge in 1997. More than 20 years later, over a mountain of empty, archived makeup products piled in the dining room of her Beverly Hills home, Beckham would glance across the table at the woman with whom she would start her namesake beauty line.

"She is the most impressive person that I've ever met in the beauty space," Beckham says of Sarah Creal, a veteran product developer tasked in 2016 with bringing to life Beckham's wildly popular capsule collections created with Estée Lauder. Creal, whose credits include Prada's beloved, short-lived cosmetics line, was similarly impressed. "I just believed in her, in her vision," says the 49-year-old blonde, who left corporate life and joined Beckham as the cofounder and CEO of Victoria Beckham Beauty in January. Both women describe the endeavor as a start-up. (Fittingly, the brand operates out of a WeWork in Manhattan's SoHo neighborhood.)

#### SHADOW PLAY

"MOST PEOPLE ASSOCIATE ME WITH A SMOKY EYE." BECKHAM SAYS OF THE STARTING POINT FOR THE FIRST DROP FROM VICTORIA BECKHAM BEAUTY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOO GEORGE. "Innovation and speed: These are the things we're going after," Creal explains, adding that she is constantly telling her seven-person team that "perfection is not innovation." It's also not an idea that

Beckham wanted to bring to her newest and most nimble category: a digitally native brand extension that just launched with a focus on eye makeup.

There aren't many start-ups whose cofounder has the kind of sway that Beckham does. When she announced the venture via Instagram back in February, the post generated more than a million views—and product requests from fans that ranged from a "good" light-brown mascara to inclusive shade offerings. And when an ambitious, sustainable packaging plan took a slight left turn as Beckham and Creal realized that the black glass they had sourced for their Lid Lustre pots was not reliably recyclable, Beckham conferred

BEAUTY>108



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CENTURY CITY MALL, BEVERLY HILLS

rosa chá

with Apple's famed chief design officer, Jony Ive—"the king of black glass," according to Creal.

Still, Beckham is committed to the idea of building this new project in what she calls a "small, humble way." Squint hard, very hard, and you can almost picture her and Creal as the ambitious bootstrappers they were back when they began their careers in beauty: Beckham as a perfume spritzer in an Essex shopping mall and Creal at the Clinique counter at Bergdorf Goodman. Much has changed since then for both women, of course—perhaps most notably that they're not just entrepreneurs but also mothers.

"Working mums get the job done," Beckham declares over a crackling phone line from Italy, where she is on holiday with David and their family. (The couple and their three youngest children—their 20-yearold son Brooklyn is working—have already been on a run and to the gym.) She's relaxednot just because this is about as close to being on vacation as she gets but because the forthcoming launch doesn't faze her one bit. "I don't feel like I have to prove myself at all," she says. "This is not a vanity project. I've never just gotten out the checkbook and gone crazy—what I'm creating is what I can't find and what I want in my makeup bag." Beckham is also savvy enough to know that what people want in their makeup bags isn't just her products but a window into her life. It's the reason Victoria Beckham Beauty will soon branch out beyond makeup to skin-care, fragrance, and a wellness category that aims to capitalize on her own rigorous fitness and supplement regimen, which

"I don't feel like I have to prove myself at all. What I'm creating is what I can't find and what I want in my makeup bag" includes everything from fish oils and vitamin D to Elysium Health's popular Basis capsules for energy, sleep, and cellular function.

That the inaugural drop would be all about eyes was never in question, though. "If

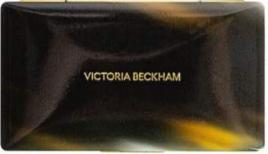
you were to say to someone, 'What is the signature look for Victoria Beckham?' they would say 'A smoky eye,' "she says. The line's four debut eye-shadow palettes reference established looks she wears on the regular. The earthy warmth of Tweed evokes summer days spent in the Cotswolds, while Tuxedo's gray scale calls to mind innumerable red-carpet photo calls. Royal features a cobalt color that she wore to the Duke and Duchess of Sussex's wedding, which got nearly as much traction on social media as the event itself. The collection is rounded out by four crystal-infused shadow toppers and





**\B** 





CASE LOGIC
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POT OF LID LUSTRE TO BE MADE FROM
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three liners—which include a sharpener opt-in or opt-out program to reduce plastic consumption. Every product also comes in a 100% postconsumer-recycled box.

The fact that a mascara is missing from the curation is deliberate. "It's been a nightmare finding a clean formula," Creal reveals of a commitment to ingredient transparency that is as important to the two women as the design of the reusable slimline horn-effect compacts and caps brought to life by Ezra Petronio. Beckham is betting on "clean" as the future, not a fad. Although she's keen to reemphasize that Victoria Beckham Beauty is "not perfect"—the phrase has become an unofficial brand hashtag—the collection meets the checklist for non-toxicity set out in The Credo Clean Standard (no cyclic silicones, formaldehyde, parabens, or phthalates, among other potentially harmful ingredients) and surpasses that of Sephora. "It's for women, by women. We're creating beauty solutions that help fuel your life," Creal says of the ethos behind the project, which will be available at an "affordable luxury" price point. (The Eye Brick shadow palettes retail for \$54 each.)

The two women speak about what they're doing as "beauty in motion"—meaning not just beautiful products for busy women but an equally agile business model with a considerable amount of runway. Recently, Creal—who has two young daughters—saw a post on Beckham's Instagram that made her pick up the phone. It was a shot of Beckham in the foyer, with a cereal bowl in one hand and a coffee in the other. "I was like, 'Your post today is you. It's me. And it's really every person I know in this day and age,' "Creal recalls. Could this kind of relatability eventually cause Beckham's beauty business to outstrip her fashion empire? "There's potential," the designer says coyly as she dashes off with the kids. "There's so much to come." —HARRIET FITCH LITTLE



**DESIGN** 

#### A Good Egg

Last year, when singer, activist, Renaissance man Pharrell Williams teamed up with French chef Jean Imbert to open Swan in Miami's Design District, the 13,500-squarefoot restaurant was such a hit that the Art Basel crowds happily braved standstill traffic across town from Miami Beach to get a table. (Imbert's food, Pharrell says, "plays with your taste buds and creates a conversation.") This fall, the duo continues its partnership by teaming up with Christofle for the silversmith's latest egg-shaped cutlery carrier (just under a foot in height). Crack, or lift, the lid to reveal a 24-piece flatware set engraved with the word SHARE—the spirit that animates the collaboration. On the shell, a troupe of cartoon characters based on real-life friends and family gathers round avatars of the two men, who are set against a shade that can be described as cheerful.

Better yet, let's call it happy.—LILAH RAMZI



#### **Love and War**

A WWII satire takes on hate; a matriarch says goodbye.

MOVIES Jojo Rabbit, the exuberant new period film by *Thor:*Ragnarok director Taika Waititi, is being billed, somewhat anxiously, perhaps, as "an anti-hate satire." You can see how a marketing department might go the extra mile to spell this out, given that the movie's central character is an avid member of the Hitler Youth. But for Jojo (Roman Griffin Davis), it's just a big, fun club—like Boy Scouts with hand grenades. Then again, he's a guileless

10-year-old boy who's lived his entire life in a bubble of propaganda, indoctrination, and persuasive graphic design. Jojo is lonely. His father is gone, his sister is dead, and his mother, Rosie (Scarlett Johansson), doesn't want to discuss Nazi nonsense. So for this, he turns to his imaginary friend, Adolf Hitler. Hitler—or, rather, the friendly Führer of Jojo's imagination—is played by Waititi (who is half-Jewish) as a kind of idiot Hobbes to Jojo's credulous Calvin.

Not long after his first camp weekend, run by the hilariously louche, one-eyed Captain Klenzendorf (Sam Rockwell), goes disastrously wrong, Jojo comes home to discover that his mother is hiding a Jewish girl. Elsa (Thomasin McKenzie) is older, tougher, and beautiful, and Jojo is as terrified of her as he is fascinated. Darkly hilarious and unbearably sad, Jojo Rabbit is like a Wes Anderson movie set on Jupiter, whimsy tempered with gravity, and it's precisely

this juxtaposition that makes its message of empathy pop.

Directed by Ira Sachs (Keep the Lights On, Little Men), Frankie is about a family coming together to come apart. Isabelle Huppert plays Frankie, a terminally ill movie star who plans one last vacation in the resort town of Sintra, Portugal, in order to sort everyone out. The story is as gossamer as it can be without evanescing completely—even Frankie's illness is treated like a rumor. The family members have gathered but spend much of their time alone, strolling through forests,

IN REFLECTION
ISABELLE
HUPPERT (LEFT)
IS THE TITULAR
LEAD IN FRANKIE.

talking to strangers.
Frankie tries to set up
her son Paul (Jérémie
Renier) with her
hairstylist friend Irene
(Marisa Tomei)—who

has invited along her boyfriend Gary (Greg Kinnear). Frankie's husband, Jimmy (Brendan Gleeson), is mourning her already, and her stepdaughter (Vinette Robinson) is trapped in a marriage that reveals itself to be a prison. The movie echoes its rhythms: meandering walks to nowhere, chance encounters with alluring strangers, ancient memories burnished through their telling until they gleam. Not much happens in *Frankie* except life goes on—which, on the other hand, is everything.—сакіма сносамо



DILLARD'S MACY'S

THE NEW FRAGRANCES



THE NEW FRAGRANCES

### WOOD DSQUARED2



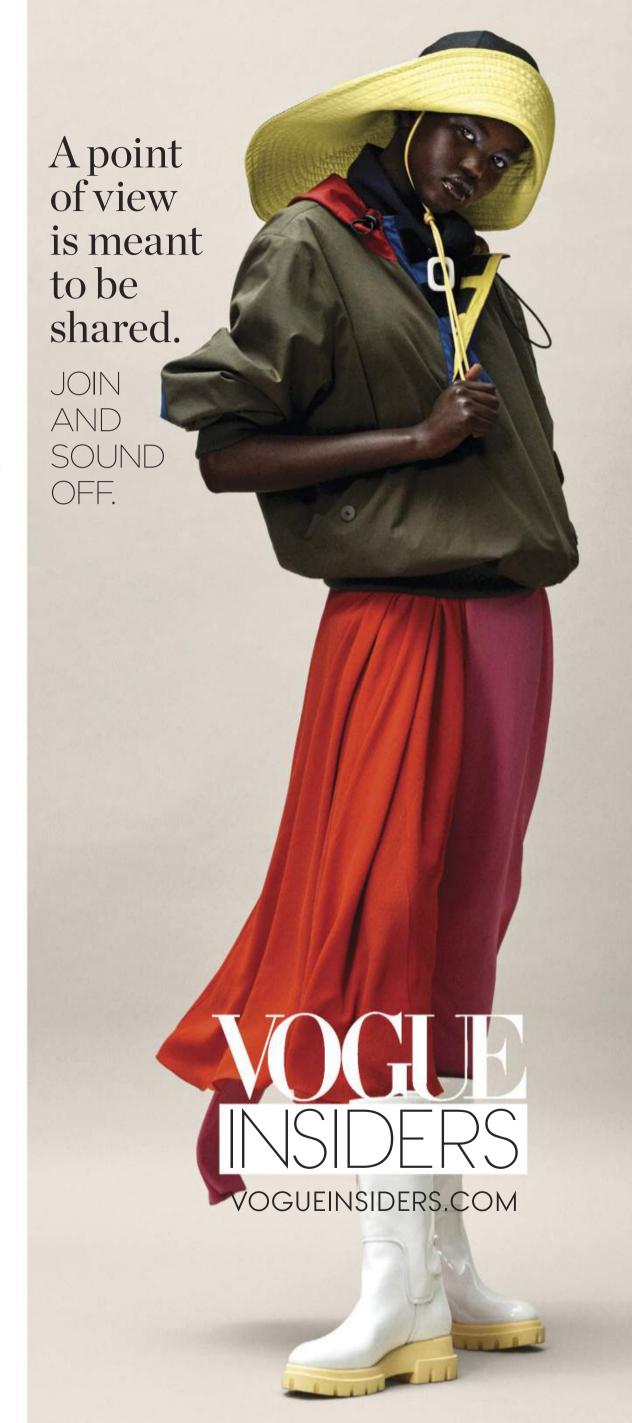
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**FASHION** 

#### The Upcycling Hunt

In lieu of new fabrics, designers are gravitating to those with provenance—from retro Kansas City calicos to Lyonnaise couture jacquards. Seven labels reveal where they find their material treasures.

#### **RVDK RONALD VAN DER KEMP**

Though he's tight-lipped about where he unearths them, Ronald van der Kemp is quite expressive when it comes to the vintage fabrics that go into his one-of-a kind, direct-to-client creations. "One of the French mills that used to do a lot for the old couturiers in the '70s and '80s stopped their business, and somebody had bought up all their archives—yardages in very small quantities of precious mousselines and chiffons in the kind of quality that you simply can't find anymore. I found them last year and bought up everything—they bring tears to my eyes when I look at them."

#### **BATSHEVA**

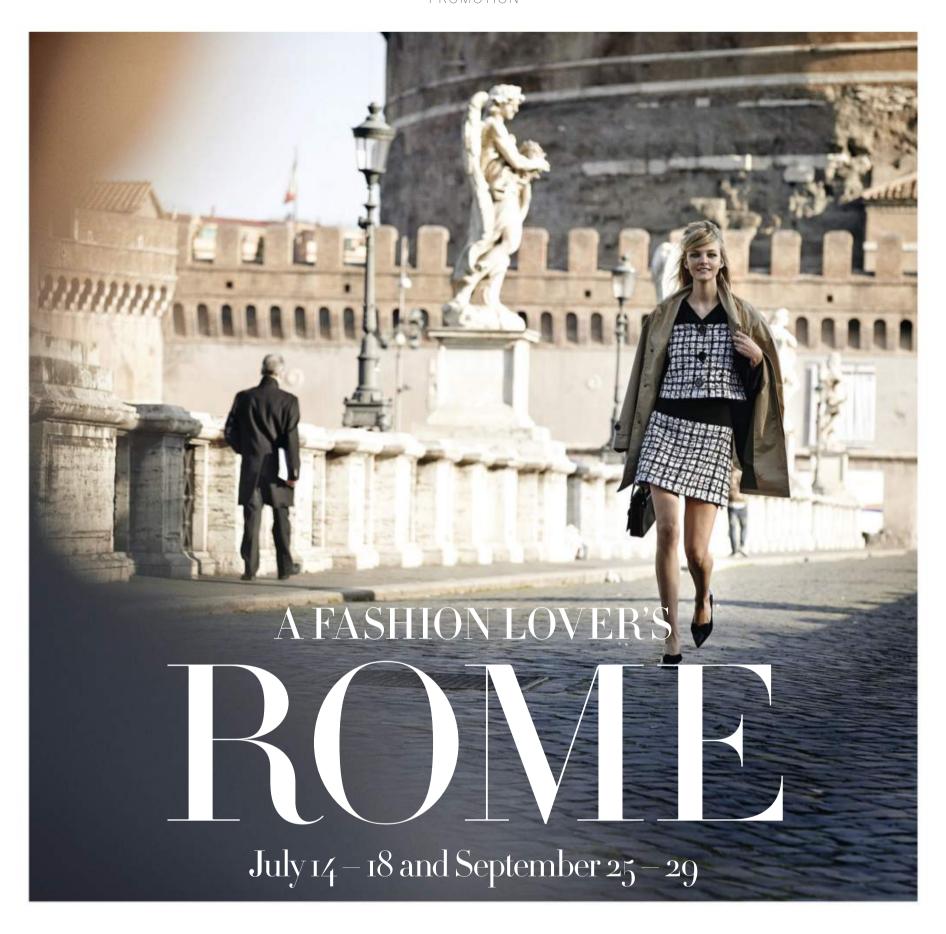
VAN DER KEMP FROM

AN ATTIC IN FLORENCE

Batsheva Hay sources her vintage fabrics for those Little House on the Prairie dresses you've seen floating around the big city from, of all places, eBay. "It's partially out of necessity," she says. "I'm not going to the flea market in Paris-I'm at home, searching for fabric in the nighttime while my kids are asleep." She'll bid on '80s floral chintzes and moiré faux silks uploaded onto the digital auction block by mom-and-pop sellers in the Midwest, fabrics that—Hay concedes— "aren't even really meant for clothing!" FASHION>118

#### **DURO OLOWU**

Fans of his patchworked Duro dress range from First Ladies to fashion editors whose skilled eyes recognize that this is no mere quilt job. On the Empire-waisted frock are fabric trims dating back to couture's Golden Age-Lyonnaise jacquards from Bianchini-Férier and chinés from the defunct Swiss silk mill Abraham. A self-professed fabric nerd, Olowu explains that you just have to know what you're looking for: "I became known for walking into any store and saying, 'Could you just show me the stuff in the basement?""



An exclusive fashion journey to Rome, curated and hosted by *Vogue* editors and Indagare founder Melissa Biggs Bradley.

The five-day itinerary will unveil the style secrets of one of the world's fashion capitals and connect you with designers and influencers during private receptions at historic palazzos and the flagship ateliers of FENDI, BVLGARI, and VALENTINO—along with festive group dinners, cultural activities, and viewings.

## VOGUE X Indagare

#### RIANNA + NINA

A single Rianna + Nina garment can feature more than a dozen discerningly pieced-together scraps of vintage textiles—Hermès scarves, Japanese obis. It's a gracefully assembled collection of fabric that usually finds its way to Rianna Nektaria Kounou and Nina Kuhn via sheer happenstance. "We'll get a call from someone who has a client who had a godmother in Palm Springs who knew someone who was a scarf collector," says Kuhn. "Crazy stories!"

#### **CDLM**

"Almost everything is from L.A.; it's not as picked over as New York," says Chris Peters of CDLM and Creatures of the Wind (with partner and designer Shane Gabier) about sourcing dead stocks—the two have long been staunchly committed to upcycling existing fabrics. It might be a Victorian georgette that catches their fancy or perhaps a meshy, techy textile of recycled fibers. "There are endless amounts of unused material," says Gabier. "Once you see how much has already been made, it becomes so apparent that it needs to be used."

#### **JULIE DE LIBRAN**

To create her so-limited-edition-they're-actually-numbered dresses, Julie de Libran predominantly shops dead-stock fabrics—mostly nubby fil-coupés and double crepes—from Lorma, a silk mill in Italy's Lake Como district. "Maybe a green was just a little too bright or a production was canceled," she says. "There is so much out there—so many ways to reuse things and give fabrics a second life."—LILAH RAMZI

#### **CHOPOVA LOWENA**

If Vivienne Westwood's Sex boutique and Balkan folk dress had a baby, it would look something like the skirts made by Emma Chopova and Laura Lowena, which incorporate scraps of traditional handwoven aprons worn by Bulgarian housewives. For these textiles, Lowena explains, they go straight to the source: "Sometimes we even go to people's houses and basements and attics, but they're always in great condition—they're perfect."

#### **Just Deserts**

Set among the sand dunes of Namibia, Sonop luxury tents are no mirage.

stretch of the Namib desert in southern Africa, on top of a heap of granite boulders, stands an oasis: a cluster of dusky-colored tents on stilts, newly erected as Sonop, the latest from Zannier Hotels. Outside, oryxes, brown hyenas, jackals, and cheetahs roam the scrubby sands; inside, the decor evokes explorers' encampments of the 1920s, with century-old maps and prints, antique silver-framed photographs, and copper

claw-foot tubs. For those wishing to indulge their inner adventurer, there are three-day expeditions to the majestic landscape where the dunes meet the sea. At night, the stars—nestled amid some of the darkest skies in the world—dazzle above.

"The environment is so expansive and wild," said owner Arnaud Zannier of his almost 14,000-acre compound. "Luxury is not just having a marble bathroom. It's also about discovery." To facilitate the exploration of this

otherworldly region, Sonop is offering tours via horseback, safari jeep, electric bike, or even hot-air balloon. The hotel leaves minimal impact on its vast surroundings: Its water is recycled (some is left out for animals to drink), and it runs completely on solar panels. Sustainability is important to Zannier:

OPEN AIR
THE NAMIB
DESERT
REMAINS

"This place is so beautiful and so unspoiled," he says. "There's still a lot to learn about this part of the world."—ELISE TAYLOR









#### **Mom Com**

It's a hard-knock life, kids. Ali Wong continues her truth-telling campaign in a new memoir dedicated to her daughters.

**BOOKS** Ali Wong prefers not to focus on breaking barriers, so let us not make too much of the fact that one of our most successful stand-up comedians is a woman of Vietnamese-Chinese descent. Nor will we linger on Wong's having been seven and a half months pregnant when she recorded Baby Cobra, the 2016 Netflix special that vaulted her to household-name status. (The following Halloween saw an explosion of women—and some men—sporting striped spandex dresses over baby bumps.) Let's commend her for her real triumph: She has repurposed the reliably tepid genre of mom-com (think: jokes about #winetime or toddler iPad privileges) into material that electrifies with its audacity.

In her first book, **Dear Girls: Intimate Tales, Untold Secrets & Advice for Living Your Best Life** (Random House),
Wong digs her practical flats deeper
into this treacherous terrain and spins
a volume whose pages simultaneously

shock and satisfy. In 14 essays framed as letters for her very young daughters to read at a much later date, Wong riffs on her cesarean section and intolerance for plot-free board books, and also opens up about the regular counseling sessions she and her husband attend ("cheaper than a divorce") and her strained relationship with her mother (whose passive nature made her more "koala mom" than "tiger mom").

Wong, who once joked that "feminism is the worst thing that ever happened to women" (no more lounging around streaming Netflix at noon), has always been a stealthy force for women's empowerment. And that oblique approach continues here:

Dear Girls is not so much a real-talk handbook as it is a myth-puncturing manifesto. A supportive husband, she writes, is not just someone who cheers you on; he's someone willing to take on the tedium of household management that usually falls to women. The book ends by handing over the afterword



FUNNY GIRL
WONG, ABOVE,
BRINGS HER
SIGNATURE
SENSE OF
HUMOR TO HER
FIRST BOOK.

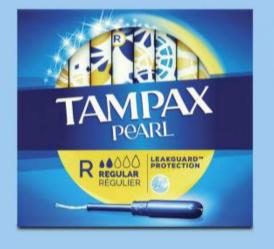
to her husband so that he can have his say. With a solemnity that teeters on humorous, he reflects on the importance of his

meditation practice and ayahuasca ceremonies, and tells the girls that their mother resembles a "mystical priestess." So what if a man gets the last word? He has no chance of stealing the show.—LAUREN MECHLING



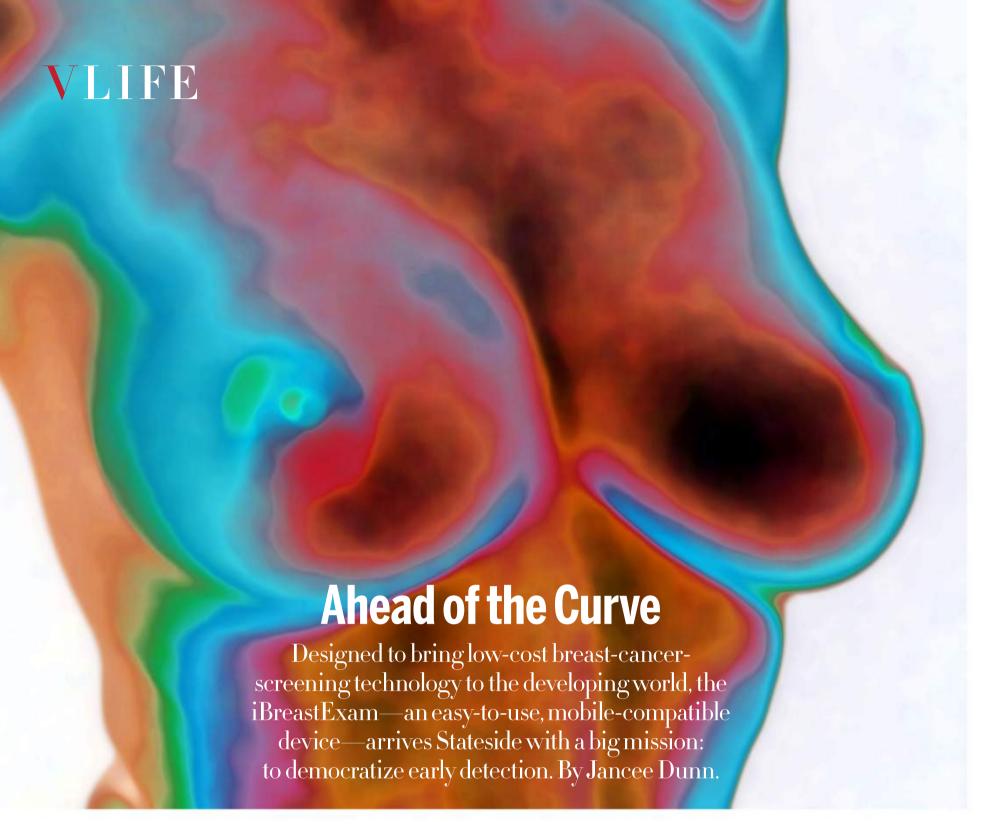
**ELSEWHERE IN THE literary** firmament, essayist Leslie Jamison—sometimes called a modern Didion or Sontagoffers up a more varied examination of what it means to be a contemporary woman in a new collection, Make It Scream, Make It Burn (Little, Brown), while Cyrus Grace Dunham examines the experience of transitioning in the raw and powerful A Year Without a Name (Little, Brown). A duo of legendary female rockers takes readers backstage (and on the bus) in new memoirs: '90s indie icon Liz Phair tells her Horror Stories (Random House), and Blondie's Debbie Harry has her readers **Face It** (Dey Street Books).—L.M.





## MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

It's time to ditch the leaks. And get the protection of our LeakGuard Braid™.



HEALTH Miles away from the nearest imaging center and wearing a kimono instead of a medical gown, I am sitting at the kitchen table in my Brooklyn apartment with Matthew Campisi, a professor of electrical and computer engineering at NYU. Goateed and genial, Campisi has stopped by to give me a demo of iBreastExam, a handheld breast-cancer-scanning device that he and fellow med-tech entrepreneur Mihir Shah began developing in 2009 as part of their UE LifeSciences health care start-up. "This is it," he announces, removing the innocuous-looking pink-and-white appliance from a brown leather box.

Resembling a travel-size clothing steamer, the device uses an electronic sensor similar to a smartphone's touchscreen to detect abnormal breast lumps as small as five millimeters. Cloud-connected and radiation-free, it allows health care workers to perform breast exams anywhere, in minutes, and without a degree in radiology. Over the past three years, iBreastExam—which has a distribution partnership with GE and has attracted research grants as well as venture capital funding—has been deployed in parts of the developing world where mammograms are scarce due to their high cost, a lack of electricity, or a dearth of radiologists (India has just one for every 100,000 people). Its usage has proliferated across Asia, Mexico, and Africa, where it has already screened

a quarter-million women—and as of this month, the rollout is under way with gynecologists and primary-care physicians in select U.S. cities. It is poised to be the biggest innovation in early breast-cancer detection since the mammogram was widely introduced in 1963—and the average American doctor has never heard of it.

Part of that is by design, explains Campisi, who has close relatives who have survived breast cancer. "Our original plan was to fill a huge need specifically in the developing world, as most diagnoses were coming in at a very late stage," he says. "And then a light bulb went off." Why, he and Shah—an adjunct faculty member at Drexel University's School of Biomedical Engineering, Science and Health Systems—wondered, shouldn't they try to get the device approved for use in the United States?

"A quarter of patients in this country should be getting mammograms and just don't," says Brian Englander, M.D., chairman of radiology at Pennsylvania Hospital and an associate professor of clinical radiology at Penn's Perelman School of Medicine, who has been conducting

HEALTH>130

#### **BODY OF EVIDENCE**

GETTING AHEAD OF A BREAST-CANCER DIAGNOSIS IS KEY TO FIGHTING THE DISEASE—AND TO THE MOMENTUM BEHIND THE HANDHELD TOOL, WHICH REQUIRES NO RADIATION, NO COMPRESSION, AND PROVIDES RESULTS IMMEDIATELY.



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clinical trials on iBreastExam for more than a year. Fear of radiation and a mistrust of the health care system are often factors. But so-called health care deserts—underserved parts of the country where the closest radiologist might be miles away and insurance coverage may be at an even higher premium—have much to do with it as well.

"There is a developing-world demographic in many urban areas of the U.S.," confirms Campisi. But he also sees enticing promise in serving the demographic that does have access to mammography. He's promoting the apparatus as a way to document a clinical breast exam—"which, if you ask any O.B., is a missing link." (I ask my own ob-gyn, who agrees—and is eager to hear more about the device.) "It gives you absolute, retrievable, reproducible data you can compare year to year," Englander reiterates. "And the sooner breast cancer is diagnosed, the better the chances of successful treatment."

Campisi logs my personal information into an Android phone (the most common platform worldwide), I slip off my kimono, and we get started. On a gray screen, each breast is divided into 16 quadrants; typically, only the middle four need to be measured, but this varies with breast size. He gently presses the padded sensor onto an upper quadrant of my left breast. *Capturing data*, a screen says. Green indicates no lumps; red means something has been

### The sooner breast cancer is diagnosed, the better the chances of successful treatment

detected. He measures four areas on both breasts. Each, thankfully, glows green. *Data recorded*. "Looks good," he says as my husband, unperturbed, wanders into the kitchen for a sandwich. The whole process has taken five minutes.

While several studies have found iBreastExam's sensitivity to be on par with a mammogram's—including a 2016 article published in the World Journal of Surgical Oncology, in which iBreastExam demonstrated a sensitivity rate of 85.7 percent compared with a mammogram's sensitivity rate of 85–88 percent—Campisi is the first to admit that the tool has limitations, one being that unlike mammograms, it can't pick up microcalcifications: small deposits of calcium that can be an early sign of precancerous cells. "There is also a concern that people will say, 'Well, I got an iBreastExam; I don't need a mammogram," Englander points out. "But mammography is proven. So my hope is that if someone does get an iBreastExam, we can say, 'Now that you've done it and it's not that bad, let's have you go for further evaluation." The technology's potential to determine which women should go on to further testing is promising, agrees Victoria Mango, M.D., an eminent breast radiologist at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York, which is conducting additional clinical trials on the device. For those in the trenches, it cannot be overstated how exciting that development is for fighting this disease. Adds Campisi, "We need all the tools in our arsenal to beat this thing." □



#### **Great Sexpectations**

Two racy new shows examine passions of the young and young at heart.

TELEVISION Th

There's a moment in

Mrs. Fletcher (HBO)—the latest suburban malaiseobsessed Tom Perrotta novel to migrate to the small screen —when the titular character, Eve Fletcher (the wondrous Kathryn Hahn), stretches out on her kitchen floor and indulges in some cheap internet porn. A timer dings -cookies are ready!-and she has to decide what's more important, those chocolate chips or her orgasm. You'll find yourself rooting for her to let them burn. Eve's coddled only child, Brendan (Jackson White), has just left for college, and as a divorcée of many years, she has an utterly empty nest, leaving time and space for fantasies involving the woman handing out Popsicle samples at the grocery store. Meanwhile, the once-popular Brendan is fumbling his way through college, unexpectedly rejected by sorority sisters (and virtually every other girl) who see right into his unwoke heart. Mrs. Fletcher is a delightfully dirty look at how untamed desire is an insatiable animating force. Like every Perrotta adaptation before it (The Leftovers, Little Children), it's scripted to perfection,

designed to showcase every inch of Hahn's masterly range.

Another novel adaptation, of YA phenom John Green's Looking for Alaska (Hulu), also bubbles over with giddy sexcapades, this time within the teenage set. Loner Miles Halter (Charlie Plummer) shows up at Culver Creek, the Alabama boarding school his father attended, with the final words of Renaissance scholar François Rabelais as his mandate: "I go to seek a Great Perhaps." That Perhaps, for Miles, is the sense of adventure and belonging his lonely existence hasn't yet offered him. He joins an eclectic posse and falls for the bookish, otherworldly Alaska (Norwegian beauty Kristine Froseth)—a girl with a sad, mysterious past. Together the articulate-beyond-theiryears crew battles with Culver Creek's popular crowd, and the show careens toward a tragic event. Teen-whisperer Josh Schwartz—cocreator of Gossip Girl—helped write the series, so expect a heavy dose of salacious shenanigans

The novel has been among the most banned in the YA genre, and when it transfers to the big screen, a fresh round of internet outrage feels inevitable.—HILLARY KELLY



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## VICTORIA'S SECRET

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VICTORIA'S SECRET





**FRAGRANCE** 

#### **Southern Comfort**

With her debut fragrance brand, supermodel Lily Aldridge channels the sites and scents of Tennessee.

#### SITTING PRETTY

ALDRIDGE FOUND OLFACTORY INSPIRATION IN HER NASHVILLE HOME, PHOTOGRAPHED HERE BY LESLEE MITCHELL. FOR LILY ALDRIDGE, fragrance and family are inextricably connected. "I remember going into my mom's bathroom and spraying her perfumes

everywhere," Aldridge says between sips of mint tea in a secluded corner of the Four Seasons' Tribeca outpost. "Now my daughter does the same thing." As the conversation turns to Dixie Pearl—the supermodel's seven-year-old daughter with Kings of Leon frontman Caleb Followill (their son, Winston Roy, is eight months)—she lights up. "My little cheerleader," Aldridge says. "Dixie thinks it's so cool that her mom's name is on a perfume."

But the streamlined glass bottle with a sustainable wood topper that contains Haven, a new mandarin-spiked rose-and-peony fragrance inspired by the bloom-filled gardens at Aldridge's Nashville home, bears more than just her name. As her debut beauty launch—and the first project from a new collaboration between IMG, Aldridge's longtime agency, and Interstellar, a subsidiary of the fragrance company behind scents from fashion houses such as Lanvin, Coach, and Rochas—it is also the beginning of Lily Aldridge: the brand.

Having fronted her fair share of fragrance campaigns since starting her career at 16, Aldridge, now 33, knows exactly what she wants from her namesake line: a wardrobe of scents that can capture every whim. "Fragrance is what gets you in the mood for the character you want to be," she says, noting that Haven will be followed next month by Summit (a spicy musk evocative of the Great Smoky Mountains), along with two other scents already slated for next year. "It's like listening to music or watching a movie: If I listen to the Ramones in the morning, I'm going to wear a cooler outfit; if I watch Breakfast at Tiffany's, I might want to be a little bit more ladylike. All of these things are inspiring—and scent is a part of that process."

These varied influences have helped earn Aldridge 5.2 million followers on Instagram—just the sort of loyalty that made her an obvious first choice for IMG as it bids to become a major player in the beauty industry by tapping into its considerable talent pool (the agency also reps Ashley Graham, Halima Aden, and both Bella and Gigi Hadid).

It's not all algorithms and analytics, though. Aldridge's passion for perfume is apparent the second you get her going on top notes and base notes. "I wanted to create something that I hadn't smelled before," she says of her efforts to avoid "that artificial floral" quality you smell in similar scent profiles. Additionally, she has prioritized a sustainable design that features an outer carton made from 100% recycled paper. Haven's packaging also includes a plantable card inside that is embedded with wildflower seeds.

Aldridge just hopes her labor of love will be well received—the first building block in what she envisions as a "huge" beauty empire. "This is only the first step."—JANELLE OKWODU

## REAL

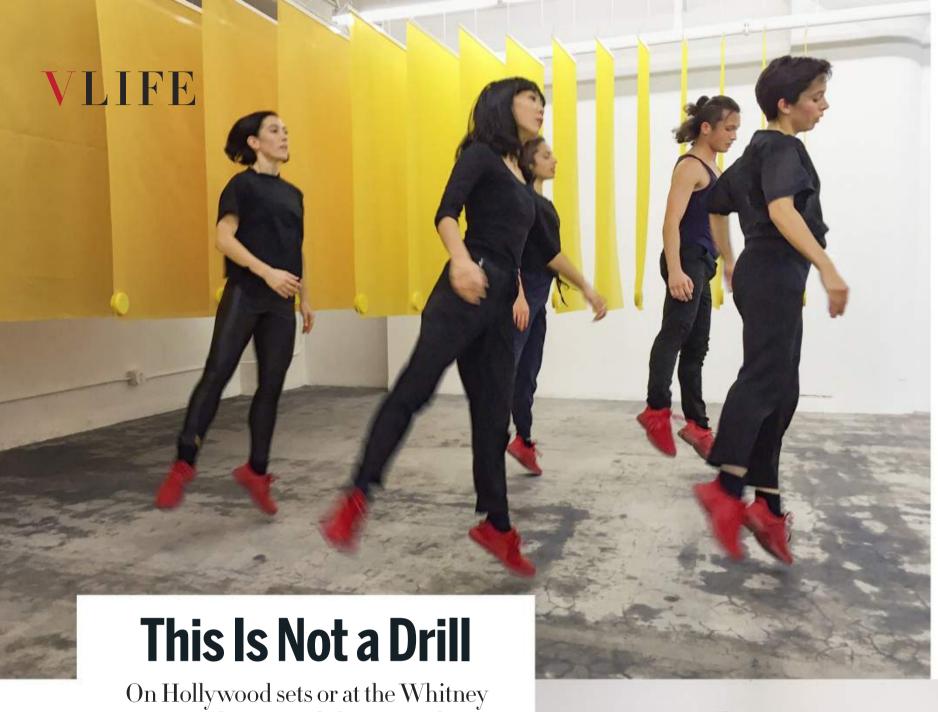
## ACTION

S

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On Hollywood sets or at the Whitney Biennial, artist and choreographer Madeline Hollander stages performances with an urgent undercurrent.

Biennial selected Madeline Hollander as one of the participating artists, her mind turned to the museum's home since 2015, a hulking gray structure on the western edge of lower Manhattan. "Every time I'm at the building, I find myself looking into the Hudson," she says. "The river is the biggest moving body I could imagine working with." Unorthodox performers are a recurring feature in Hollander's work. Last year, she choreographed the colorful A.I.-programmed office chairs rolling around Chelsea's Gagosian Gallery in Urs Fischer's *Play* and pitted dancers against airconditioning units in a piece called *New Max*, about ever-rising temperatures.

Climate change is similarly the underlying inspiration for—or threat behind—*Ouroboros: Gs,* Hollander's two-day outdoor performance that caps off the Biennial in late September. (The title refers to a circular symbol, often a snake, consuming itself.) The protagonist in Hollander's unlikely ballet is the museum's multimillion-dollar flood-mitigation wall; her cast is the art-handling and operations staff tasked with erecting the giant aluminum "Lincoln Log pieces" (as Hollander calls them) that make up the emergency barrier. (Measuring 16.5 feet at its tallest by 500 feet long, the structure was added



HOLLANDER'S
WORKS, SUCH AS RED
SHOES (TOP) AND
HER CHOREOGRAPHY
IN URS FISCHER'S
PLAY (ABOVE), OFTEN
MEDITATE ON HOW
HUMAN BEHAVIOR
INTERSECTS WITH
TECHNOLOGY.

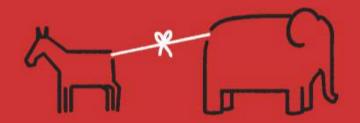
to the design plan for the new museum after Hurricane Sandy dumped more than six million gallons of water into the construction site in 2012.) During *Ouroboros: Gs,* a four-part section of the wall snakes around the sidewalk: As one group of performers dismantles the tail,

another group reinstalls those panels at the head, creating a kind of autophagy in motion. "The fact that Madeline is doing the work in the place where we would be impacted—she's really making it visible," says Biennial cocurator Jane Panetta, referring to the often-abstract nature of environmental issues. This is not a drill—not exactly; when the exhibition DANCE>142









October 11-13, 2019 New York City



concludes, the staff will be well versed in this kind of crisis choreography, disaster preparedness in the extreme.

A Los Angeles native, Hollander got a fortuitous introduction to dance via the storied Balanchine muse Yvonne Mounsey, who founded a prestigious local ballet school. (Her parents weren't aware of Mounsey's reputation at the time and just signed her up for the most convenient classes.) "I didn't even know what kind of gift

this was," the 33-year-old artist recalls of the direct download from "Mr. B." Later on, at Barnard, courses in cultural anthropology and architecture opened up new modes to grapple with space and time and the body. "My thesis was about tracking the evolution of gesture and the changes to our corporeal vocabulary due to the influx of new technology," she says, alluding to downward-craned necks and smartphone swipes. (She also understands necks)

smartphone swipes. (She also understands more classical forms of repetitive motion, having spent two years with a production of *Swan Lake*.)

When we speak, Hollander has just returned from Helsinki, where she staged a performance based on that city's air-traffic control; this winter, an installation of headlights and brake lights pulsing in sync with a nearby traffic signal opens at New York's Bortolami gallery. It's this real-world awareness that has made Hollander an appealing collaborator for filmmakers.

As the choreographer for Jordan Peele's *Us*, she used the characters' double personae to shepherd distinct patterns of movement. (Lupita Nyong'o's underground alter ego skittered "like a Pac-Man meets a cockroach with a book on her head," Hollander said after the film debuted in March.) And she poured her *Nutcracker* know-how into the climactic flashback scene: one dancer pirouetting onstage, the other smashing into walls below.

If there's a dystopian streak in the choreographer's work, her longtime creative coconspirator, Celia Hollander—composer, sound artist, and younger sister—shrugs it off. "There's a type of existential absurdist humor that is also optimistic somehow," Celia suggests. (The sisters' next joint effort, in November, will be a commission for Benjamin Millepied's L.A. Dance Project—

Madeline's first in a traditional theater.) And Hollander is an optimist, finding opportunities for creation amid chaos, with an eye to ever-expanding frontiers. "I've been going to a lot of shuttle launches, trying to figure out how to become an astronaut without having to go through the whole doctoral process," she says with a grin. "Zero-gravity ballet, hopefully in the International Space Station, is another thing I would love to do. That project," she adds brightly, "is TBD."

—LAURA REGENSDORF



STICKY SITUATION

A SEVENTH-GENERATION BEEKEEPER, MIRSALEHI WILL ADD RESTORATIVE ROYAL JELLY TO AN INGREDIENT LINEUP THAT INCLUDES TEXTURIZING PROPOLIS AND SMOOTHING HONEY. MODEL ELZA LUIJENDIJK, PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIM WALKER FOR *VOGUE*, 2013.

#### **Hive Mentality**

With her buzzy hair-care brand, Negin Mirsalehi goes from influencer to beauty boss.

**BEAUTY** Negin Mirsalehi's success follows a familiar digital-age trajectory: Dutch graduate student delays her business degree to start style blog; posts #ootds; gets thousands of likes and millions of followers; secures sponsorships from brands such as Gucci and Christian Dior. So when the 30-year-old launched Gisou—her honey-based hair-care line that debuted in 2015 in response to frequent comments about her hip-grazing ombré highlights—it seemed like a natural next step as Instagram becomes an incubator for beauty innovation. Here's where Mirsalehi's narrative zags: "The thing about hair products—they're different than makeup," she notes of the challenges that come with creating effective shampoos, conditioners, and styling aids that go beyond social media-friendly packaging. Loaded with honey from her father's bee farm

"Zero-gravity

thing I would

Hollander

love to do," says

ballet is another

and based on a formula from her mother, who became a hairstylist in the Netherlands after leaving Iran following the revolution, the line's best-selling hair oil was not an immediate hit. "It took six months for people to start believing in us," she reveals. But trying is believing with Gisou, which now boasts 10 products, including a propolis-infused Polishing Primer that arrived this summer via a Paris pop-up at Galeries Lafayette, wherein Mirsalehi installed her own hives on the roof to promote the importance of pollinators. A similar installation took place during New York Fashion Week—a testament to the brand's growth potential. Mirsalehi will close her first round of series A investment by the end of the year, which should help with her next endeavor: leveraging the reparative benefits of royal jelly. "The authenticity of our story," she says, "is what sets us apart."—celia ellenberg

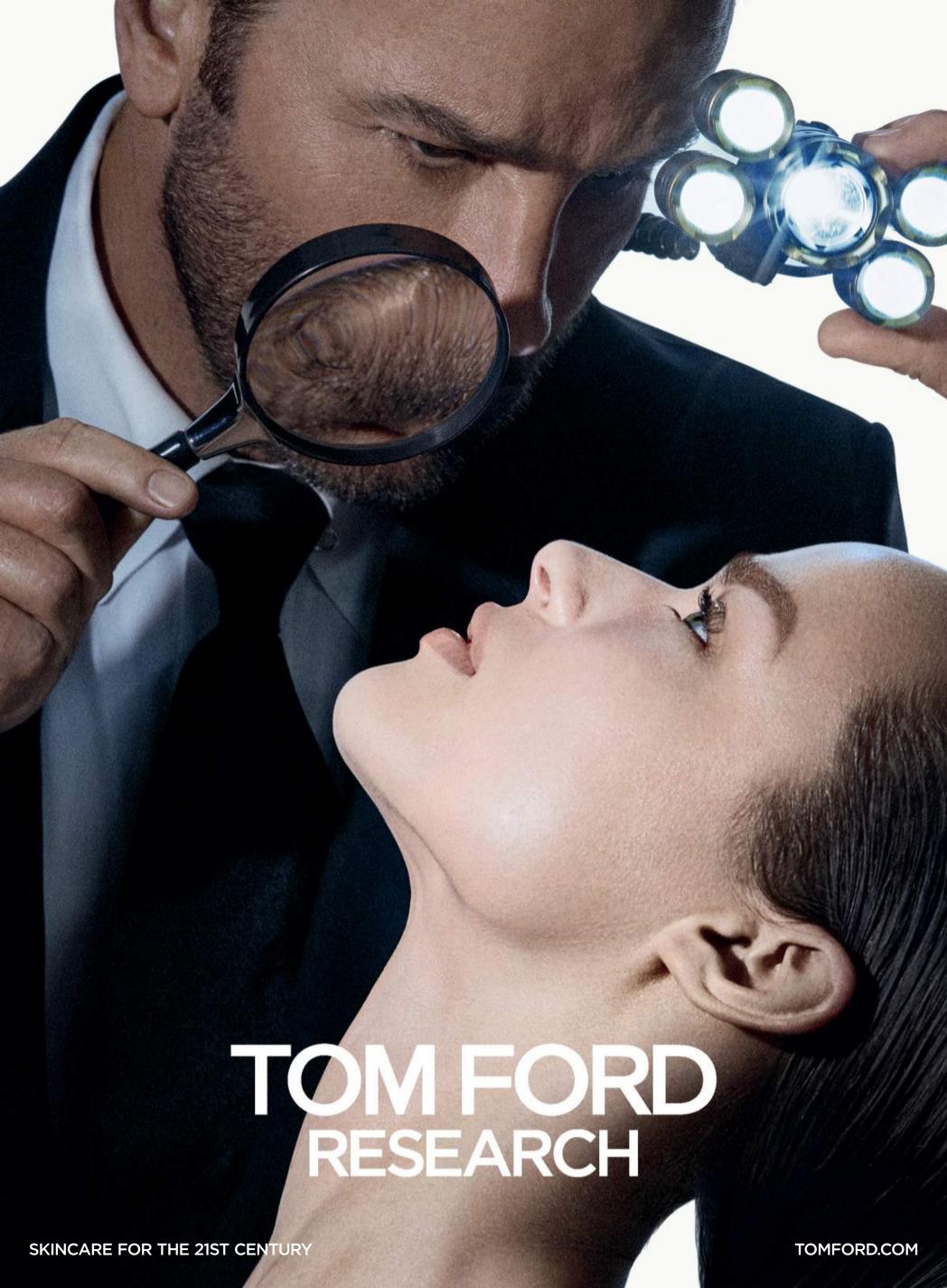


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## FORCES of FASHION



Meet the 2019 Forces of Fashion: 12 designers from 11 of the world's most exciting design houses, from first-name-only legends to breakout stars. Though they may vary vastly in age and experience, they are united by the strength of their individual visions. Here, these upcoming Forces speakers share in their own words what is most important to them and how they see the future of fashion. By Lynn Yaeger.

Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez

Proenza Schouler

MODEL KENDALL JENNER IN PROENZA SCHOULER, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON. The beauty of the world we're living in today is that it's more fluid. And the beauty of being an independent brand is that you're more flexible—you're not stuck to this rigid way of doing things.—JACK McCOLLOUGH We want people to wear the clothes—you've got to be able to access it, to covet it, to buy it.
—LAZARO HERNANDEZ

#### Tom Ford

#### Tom Ford

Even though I was in Europe for 30 years, I always felt very linked to [this country]. In America, if you are creative, also being commercially minded is not a bad thing. There has always been this practicality to American fashion—and over the years, thinking about those questions has gone from being an American concern to one that's more global.

TOM FORD, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.





#### Wes Gordon

#### Carolina Herrera

Everyone is dissecting what American fashion should be. I think a part of that—that America has the potential to do so well—is to take the fantasy and the glamour and marry it with the everyday in a way that's still enticing and exciting and wonderful. Every step of the process should be a joyous one.

#### Marine Serre

#### Marine Serre

There shouldn't be boundaries when we're making fashion. The biggest challenge for a young designer now is learning to be sharper, because we have to be as quick as the big houses. And I don't want to confuse Marine Serre with a brand that wants to make money doing green stuff—everyone should be caring about that already.

ACTRESS EIZA GONZÁLEZ IN MARINE SERRE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MIKAEL JANSSON.



# Grace Wales Bonner

Wales Bonner

My motivation to create fashion comes from a very specific cultural perspective. I'm interested in images and messages that are grounded in cultural context—but at the same time, they need to be carried out in a beautiful way. They need to be seductive! It's fashion—it's what I do—but people can access it in lots of different ways.

BEYONCÉ IN WALES BONNER, PHOTOGRAPHED BY TYLER MITCHELL.



# ACTOR STEPHAN JAMES IN PYER MOSS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY TYLER MITCHELL.

# Kerby Jean-Raymond

**Pyer Moss** 

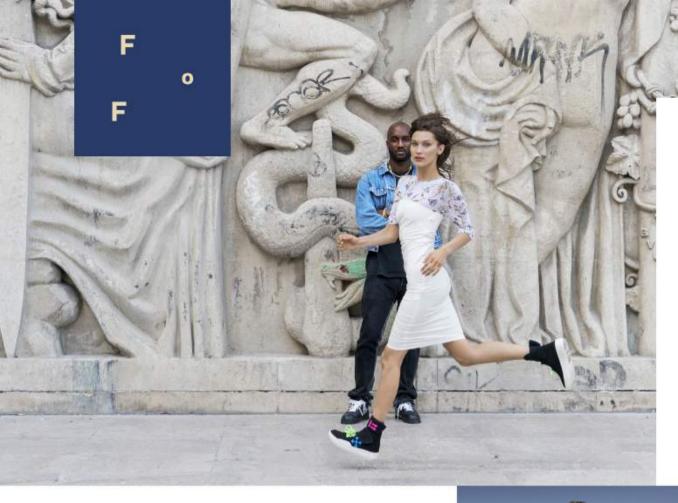
I want to take on the nature of today's politics on a grassroots level, to write a new narrative. I want the conversation to include mundane lives and prosperous lives—not just sensationalized lives. My work always revolves around justice and equality. I know how important it is to tell these stories about our community.

# Donatella Versace

Versace

Sustainability and stopping the waste that we see around us is a must! Fashion does not live in a vacuum it reflects what is happening in the world. It had to evolve into something else. Fashion can become a weapon to express oneself, to feel bold and brave. It's like people are telling the world: Look at me, I have something to say.

ACTRESS MARGOT ROBBIE IN VERSACE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY INEZ & VINOODH.



## Virgil Abloh

Off-White, Louis Vuitton

You don't have to sit in your studio and throw a dart and hope that it lands on the bull's-eye. If you actually walk up to the dartboard, you can just place it in the bull's-eye. I think that's the success of Off-White. I haven't made a distinction between the design world and the real world—I've just immersed myself in both.

VIRGIL ABLOH AND MODEL BELLA HADID (IN OFF-WHITE), PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUEORGUI PINKHASSOV.

#### Kim Jones

Dior Men

When you see the lines for [a brand like] Supreme in New York or London, you see so many different types of people, and they are people you can relate to—they understand high-low, they're intelligent, and they're humorous. They know what they want, and they are very loyal—and a customer who is loyal is a real aspiration for anybody with a brand.

ACTOR SETH ROGEN IN DIOR MEN.



#### Tory Burch Tory Burch

How do we make beautiful things that don't cost a fortune? It's a complete surprise to me that [my brand] has become what it is. I'm not a big believer in signs, but there's this Gemini dichotomy: Although I'm a shy person, I've always been attracted to risk. If I'm not taking chances, if I'm not out of my comfort zone, I get bored.

## Olivier Rousteing

#### Balmain

Everyone right now is struggling to figure out where to go, and I just have to go in my direction. We have to look to the future, but that doesn't mean we should forget our past. I want to mix my youth with this very French tradition. We're creating the history of Balmain right now.



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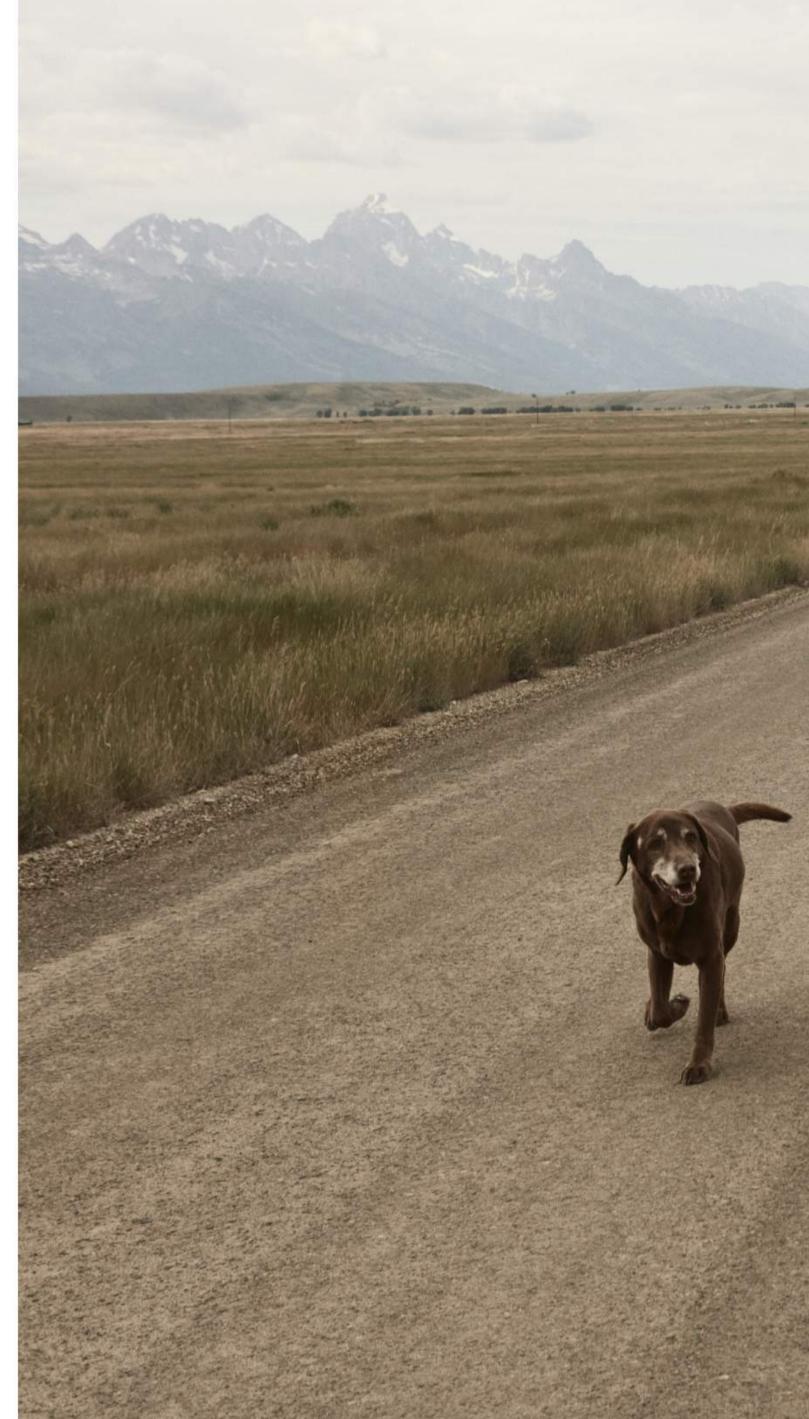


**HAT TRICK** 

Bieber looks at home on the range in a **Banana Republic** tank top (\$23; banana republic.com) and **Bailey Western** hat. Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

# Big Country

For wellness seekers heading West, the resplendent wilds around Jackson, Wyoming, offer the optimal backdrop for high-altitude ecotherapy—and fall's weekend-wardrobe essentials. Hailey Bieber gets cozy. Photographed by Daniel Jackson.



#### **ROAD DOGS**

"All good things are wild and free," wrote Thoreau, whose words seem especially apt for exploring vast open spaces—like this one, with its front-row view of the Teton Range. Coach 1941 jacket (\$2,250), dress (\$995), and boots; select Coach stores.







#### **REEL WORLD**

Sourced from the snow melt high in the mountains, the water that flows through the Snake River—as immortalized by Ansel Adams—is cold, biting, and perfect for fly-fishing. ABOVE: Bieber (with WorldCast Anglers guide Mikey Hemkens) casts a line in a **Prada** jacket (\$2,130), shirt (\$690), and hat; select Prada stores. **LaCrosse** boots. OPPOSITE: **Michael Kors Collection** coat, \$4,990; select Michael Kors stores. **BEAUTY NOTE:** Experience the elements with your best face forward. BareMinerals' Complexion Rescue Hydrating Foundation Stick SPF 25 features a water-based formula for full coverage and a lightweight finish.











#### **GOOD FORM**

Who says yoga needs to be practiced in a studio? Caldera House offers guests sunrise mountaintop yoga with instruction from Teton Yoga Shala's Adi Amar. RIGHT: Bieber strikes a warrior pose in the sagebrush of Curtis Canyon wearing a Missoni top (\$1,585; missoni.com) and Live the Process pants (\$258; livetheprocess.com). Jacksonbased Yoga Today streams classes from this scenic spot, so anyone with a Wi-Fi signal can take in the sublime vista. ABOVE:

Etro sweater (\$3,030), shirt (\$1,010), and belt; Etro stores.







#### INTO THE WOODS

Forest bathing—the ancient Japanese art of taking in the sights, sounds, and smells of dense trees—has found a second home in Jackson. Caldera House offers holistic journeys through the Bridger-Teton National Forest to heal the soul and calm the mind. OPPOSITE: Bieber wears a **Dior** peacoat and skirt (\$2,700); Dior stores. **Sandro** boots. ABOVE: **Celine by Hedi Slimane** poncho (\$3,200), jeans (\$860), and boots; celine.com.





# TAUREN ORDER

A NEW HBO DOCUMENTARY PEEKS BEHIND THE LEGENDARY DESIGNER'S **METICULOUSLY** CRAFTED WORLD TO REVEAL THE EMOTION WITHIN. BY JASON GAY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.

IF HE HAD TO DO it all over again, Ralph Lauren might change it up and become the movie star he always aspired to be. Or maybe he'd be an infielder for his beloved New York Yankees. But really, if Lauren had to pick, he would probably choose to be Batman, a superhero born in 1939—the same year he was.

"I still like Batman," Lauren tells me in his soft Bronx rumble. "I dream about going through Gotham City."

Lauren, of course, did not become Batman. That gig went to Bruce Wayne. Instead, over the course of his career, now in its sixth decade, he became one of the most iconic designers ever, a brand and aesthetic unto himself, with a name that immediately conjures an image both aspirational and accessible.

Now Lauren's indelible impact is being recognized with a feature-length documentary, Very Ralph, which arrives on

HBO on November 12. Produced and directed by Susan Lacy, the award-winning documentarian behind American Masters and recent films on Jane Fonda and Steven Spielberg, Very Ralph is both a charming history and a bit of a paradox: an examination of a man who, by his own admission, is not terribly comfortable with outside examination.

"It's not easy having someone write about you, or seeing a film about you," Lauren admits. He and I are seated on a long white couch in the cozy living room of the Mon-

tauk, Long Island, beach house he shares with his wife of 55 years, Ricky. The place is not the sort of ego monument common to other enclaves in the East End. Low to the ground, hidden among scrubby shoreline trees, this wooden, 1940s-built home is the kind of rustic retreat that artists built when they wanted to creatively recharge.

"People like this house when they come in—it's easy," Lauren says. The blue-eyed designer, who turns 80 in October, looks tan and fit in a white shirt and matching shorts and ready for a 5K in a pair of running shoes that appear fresh from the box.

Lauren says he turned away other documentary approaches over the years, and even shelved an unfinished autobiography. But as he began thinking of his company's approaching 50th anniversary, in 2018—and with a nudge from then— HBO boss Richard Plepler, he met with Lacy and came away impressed. "She's smart, and she was very clear: 'It's going to be my picture.'"

It's an uncharacteristic surrender for a man who has famously crafted every detail of his professional and personal image. Lauren gave the cameras rare behind-the-scenes access to his life, from Montauk to his New York office to the family's sprawling ranch in Colorado.

"I think it's fair to say Ralph's never had anything made about him that he had no control over," says Lacy. "I think he trusted me. The first thing he said to me after he saw the film—he was very emotional about it—he looked at me

> and said, 'I could never have done this."

> The documentary, almost three years in the making, is rich with the type of starry testimonials you'd expect: There is commentary from fellow designers, including Oscar winners, fashion editors, and critics—even a forthat's now legendary-

Calvin Klein and the late Karl Lagerfeld, along with mer Secretary of State who nearly became president. It tells the fabled origin story of the self-taught designer who started with neckties and—in a confrontation

declined an early offer to sell them in Bloomingdale's after the department store said it wanted to alter Lauren's ties and put its own label on the back.

"That was the biggest moment because I walked out of the store," Lauren tells me. "I said to myself, 'What did I do?' I didn't have a business. I was trying to build one. But I needed my own brand."

He built that brand, in unprecedented form. With apologies to the shiny influencers collecting likes on Instagram, Lauren pretty much invented the whole notion of a person being a brand, with elaborate CONTINUED ON PAGE 208









oyals, like successful actors, must make do without some forms of freedom. On the podium or in the camera's eye, they live in roles that others have provided. Within the court and on red carpets, they're invested with the harder task of playing themselves. Season three of *The Crown*, Netflix's portrait of the rise and reign of Queen Elizabeth II, starts with the monarch contemplating her own aging image on a postage stamp, two enlarged designs from different eras facing her like mirror panes—an unsettling self-encounter echoed at vanity tables and on vintage TVs through the rest of the season. If the series' first two installments, featuring Claire Foy, played on the theme of duty, the new one, starring Olivia Colman, concerns the pinch of life as a performer. It's the story of a woman at the peak of self-command who works to excel at all her roles while also—quietly remaking the norms of the job.

"It's easy to just go, 'Well, how hard can being the queen be?" "Colman tells me with a chuckle one morning over breakfast at the Ham Yard café in central London. She is dressed in a lightweight black Cos blouse with a shawl collar, a slender gold necklace, a delicate gold watch, and jeans. Friendly with an unexpected layer of self-effacing shyness, she has the disposition of listening even as she talks. "I think it's really hard," she says of the queen's responsibilities. "You can't just go, 'I don't want to do it today."

The comment is ironic coming from Colman. Long known as an actress of uncanny range—she first emerged as a comic performer on British TV programs such as Rev. (about a hapless vicar) and *Peep Show* (about feckless flatmates) yet earned early laurels for Tyrannosaur, a searingly bleak drama of trauma and dysfunction—she has emerged as one of Britain's leading screen artists, an actress who never takes the same shot twice but somehow strikes true every time. "Whatever part she plays seems to fit her like a glove," says David Tennant, her costar in the wrenching procedural Broadchurch. "She plays everything as if she was born to play it, as if it was written for her." After Broadchurch, she drew praise again in The Night Manager, playing a pregnant spy while actually





pregnant, and then in—well, pretty much every role since. "It's hard not to cut back to her over and over. In the words of our director Harry Bradbeer, 'She's a fucking Ferrari," says Phoebe Waller-Bridge, in whose show *Fleabag* Colman plays the protagonist's arty, pushy, maniacally cheerful stepmother-to-be. "She can be delightfully benign and utterly grotesque at the same time." "Her talent is somewhat like Mozart's in *Amadeus*—and the rest of us just watch like Salieri," says Peter Morgan, creator of The Crown. "She's never unprepared, and yet sometimes you find out she's just learned her lines in the loo five minutes before."

Colman's signal moment came this past winter, when she won a best-actress Oscar for her performance in *The Favourite* as Queen Anne: a childish, heartbroken sovereign with a circle of sycophants and the eye makeup of a nightmare Ronette. Colman—"Collie"

to many friends—took to the stage cracking self-deprecating jokes while tearing up, recalling her work as a house cleaner and calling out her weeping writer husband, Ed Sinclair. ("He later said that was the best night of his life, and the kids went, 'What?" Colman recalls. "To be fair, watching your wife give birth

is very stressful.") "The person the whole world saw, the way they fell in love with her, not just her performance, that's who she is," says Rachel Weisz, a costar nominated for best supporting actress along with Emma Stone, who reports spending parts of the evening in tears at the thrill of seeing someone "so deeply good—and I don't just mean talent" recognized. ("She is kind of a perfect woman," Stone explains.) In an industry that trades in illusion and mystique, Colman has helped to announce a down-to-earth age, a moment in which the quality of stardom has begun to shift from the unreachable to the exquisitely human. "There's no bullshit with her," Tennant says. "That's true of her performances, and it's true of her as a person."

Today Colman is busier than she's ever been, and her appetite for new work is so strong that her agents block out calendars with bright colors to make sure she doesn't double-book herself. "If you're working, you're so

fucking lucky," Colman says. "A lot of actors better than me aren't." In late summer, she appeared in the creepy snake-populated indie thriller *Them* That Follow, about a Pentecostal family in Appalachia—a role that required her to perfect a deep-rural American accent. When we meet, she's just been let loose from production on *The* Father, a film adaptation of Florian Zeller's play, starring opposite Anthony Hopkins. She had July off and spent it catching up on her watching (Chernobyl and The Other Two, as well as the reality show First Dates) and taking long walks: a pleasure that fame forces her to forgo in London. Come August, she was back at work on the fourth season of *The Crown*.

Colman has a double challenge when it comes to Queen Elizabeth. On one hand, she is playing a real, known person whom she's never spoken to at length. (Colman did receive a more

"To be the ingenue and to keep working is rare because once people see you as that, they don't like the process of aging," says Colman. "I grew to my place"

> sustained greeting from the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge after winning a BAFTA this year. "I got over-grinny and a bit nervous and was sort of introducing Prince William to everybody," she says.) On the other, she follows Foy, whom many viewers associate with the role. "I sort of tried to imagine how Claire would do it," Colman says. "But I'm not actually the queen and I'm not actually Claire Foy." Unlike the two of them, she also has brown eyes, and contact lenses were attempted, despite what Colman describes as her "very strong eyelids." "It was basically like an exorcism: 'Just hold me down and thrust it in!" she recalls. Finally the production resigned itself to a brown-eyed queen. Tobias Menzies, who plays Prince Philip, was not so fortunate in makeup: He had the front of his hairline cropped to mimic a thinning coif. "That's commitment, isn't it?" Colman marvels. "Because he's got to go to Sainsbury's with a *slightly* shaved head."

"She's a bit obsessed with this," Menzies tells me dryly, touting her buoyant attitude on set. ("The most influential person on a set is the leader of the company of actors, and Colman is a brilliant leader and a brilliant example," Morgan says.) In private, Colman's Queen Elizabeth is chillier than Foy's, or at least more controlled, as if time and experience have worn down certain of her corners and hardened her core, and the season explores her vexed relationship with members of the royal family. She must command them while requiring their skills and favors to safeguard her success.

Colman's own professional and artistic ascent is especially striking because it did not happen overnight. The truism in Hollywood has long been that, although a man could emerge into the klieg lights at almost any age, a screen actress who didn't break through by her mid-30s had lost

her chance. For Colman, life as a true movie star didn't begin until after 40; her coronation holds the promise of a slow, thrilling transformation in the industry. "Definitely, roles are getting more interesting, complicated, and textured," says Weisz, who, like Colman, has been shining brightest in her 40s. "But wom-

en in their 40s are interesting." Over breakfast, keeping one eye on the clock because the second of her three children has an early dismissal from school, Colman tells me that she doesn't think she could have made it big as a young actress, nor would she have wanted to. "To be the ingenue and to keep working is rare because once people see you as that, they don't like the process of aging," she explains. "Which is fucking ridiculous!" She meets my eyes. "I grew to my place."

It is customary for *Vogue* to choose its cover stars from emerging young talent and soaring celebrity leaders. At 45, Colman is a cover woman for a new era: proof of the glamour of slowly and devotedly building one's life and craft; a reminder that, for a rising generation of powerful women, it is possible to reach success and mastery while remaining honest, patient, healthy, whole. "Everyone shines a little more when she is acting with them," says Waller-Bridge. "I will







always aspire to her level of brilliance, but I've been equally inspired by who she is as a person and a professional. Work hard, and be nice to people. And don't take yourself too seriously. And karaoke. I say those are the secrets to being as close to Olivia Colman as possible. Oh—and be hysterically funny and a genre-defying acting genius."

olman lives in South London, in a timeworn, lightfilled house that she and Sinclair purchased seven years ago. It is nested in a quiet neighborhood, leafy but not precious, with parks not far away. On summer weekends, neighbors work in their front yards, tending rosebushes and lavender. When I show up, it is the day after the solstice—one of the bright summer Saturdays in London that begin with trees catching the early-morning winds and end with a long, wild, luminous-blue gloaming sky. Sinclair, a silver-haired man with a trim beard, is dressed in cargo shorts and a daddish button-down shirt, untucked; Colman wears a casual charcoal-gray dress. I get on my knees to greet the dogs: Pockets, a Kokoni mix rescued from Cyprus (who leaps to lick my face), and her senior, Alfred, Lord Waggyson, a magisterial terrier-poodle. Sinclair is gathering children out the door, bound for the market.

"Eggs?" he calls.

"I think we have enough," Colman says, gazing into the refrigerator.

"Sugar?"

The goods are for a barbecue that they are hosting that evening. Sinclair, who does the daily household cooking, will be grillmaster. Colman, a hesitant but dutiful baker, has been charged with dessert. The Colman-Sinclairs are close to their neighbors not just proximally but socially—weekend cookouts, shared playdates for the kids—and the neighbors are in turn protective of the woman they watched grow from a hardworking actress to a global star. "These streets are a lovely community—they really look after you," Colman says, handing me a mug of tea and leading me to her backyard, which shimmers with summer green. "I think I might never be able to completely leave London, even though I do dream of buggering off to the seaside." CONTINUED ON PAGE 208







When Annie-B Parson was a kid growing up in Chicago in the '70s, her father didn't take her to see musicals; he took her to the ballet. This turned out to be a relevant education for the cofounder of Big Dance Theater, the experimental company that injects dance into theater and theater into dance. It was at home that she watched the midcentury classics. "I did love them," she says. "Those old dances, I know them by heart"—and not just the dances but everything about them. "I was kind of addicted to them, until I totally rejected them and got into Talking Heads," she says, laughing.

She is remembering all this in the SoHo production studio of David Byrne, her childhood idol turned frequent creative collaborator, four months before their latest project, American Utopia, arrives on Broadway. It's a hot summer day, and the Talking Heads founder is walking Parson through his gorgeous archive of tapes, files, and art, to the office in the back, where they are working on the show's transition from stage to stage—in this case, from concert venue to Broadway theater. They speak like old friends, which, at this point, they are.

When Parson brings up a childhood love of *Oklahoma!*, Byrne interjects: "Did you see the new version?"

"Yeah, so good, right?"

Byrne is nodding. "We'll talk about that later," he says, smiling.

American Utopia, the 2018 album, was Byrne's first solo work in more than a decade and his very first to hit Billboard's top ten. (It will perhaps

shock fans that prior to that, he had reached only the number-15 slot in 1983, with the Talking Heads' *Speak*ing in Tongues.) American Utopia, the show, grew out of the subsequent success of the concert tour, though that tour was by no means typical. Performances were choreographed by Parson to be less rock show—i.e., drummer behind his drums, guitar player cradling his instrument, singer stoic behind his microphone stand and more of a multilayered performance piece: a 12-person band, clad in vaguely Maoist costumes, moving through a shape-shifting chain-link curtain. At some point during the tour, people began to pull Byrne aside to point out that his rock show felt like a story. "They would say, 'It's there it's hard to put into words, but we felt it," he recalls, grinning.

The Broadway show—which opens this month at the Hudson Theatre—will be a new iteration of that glorified concert: a series of songs performed by a barefoot band, untethered and able to move around the stage as a dance troupe might. As Alex Timbers, the show's production consultant, puts it: "It's part rock concert, part theatrical spectacle, and part intimate exploration of a major artist's career."

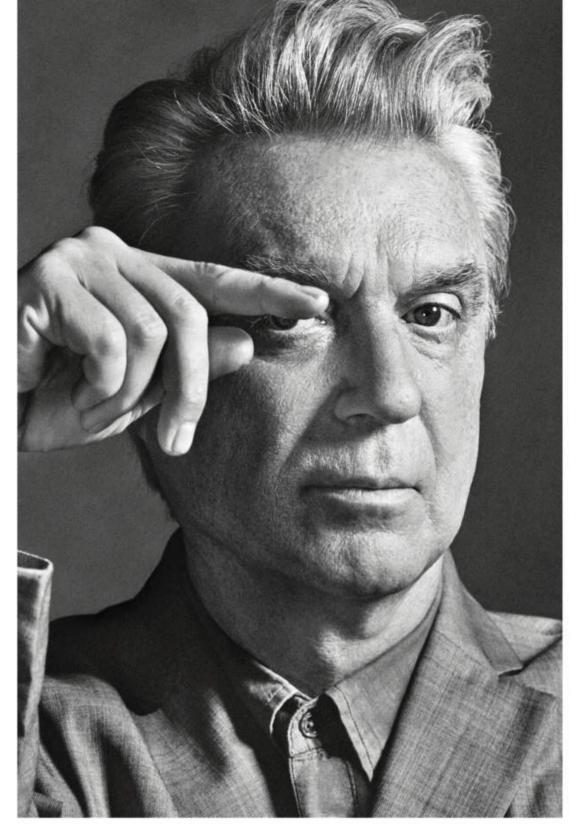
Performances begin with Byrne seated alone at a small table, pondering the disconnections of the brain. "Now, it feels like a bad connection," he sings. Although it has neither dialogue nor plot nor anything resembling a typical narrative structure, the show, you might say, is a search for good connection, and it is not giving

too much away to say that at one point, the cast poses with Byrne for what resembles a family portrait (the production was still being developed through the summer). The protagonist is transformed, in other words, by the people around him—though you don't want to push Byrne or Parson on what it all means. "We don't want to be reductive!" Parson says.

"We just want to bring it out a little bit more," Byrne adds, "but, without, you know, putting a pin in it, without putting a nose on the clown."

Broadway loves noses on its clowns, to put it mildly, but Broadway is also lately in love with rock stars and pop stars and what you might call musical residencies. The past few years have seen Bruce Springsteen, and more recently Regina Spektor and Morrissey, move into midtown venues. The more traditional jukebox musical is on something of an upswing as well, with the Go-Go's Head Over Heels; Ain't *Too Proud—The Life and Times of the* Temptations; and Tina: The Tina Turner Musical. Still to come this year is an adaptation of Alanis Morissette's groundbreaking album Jagged Little Pill, and next year, Girl From the North Country, a Depression-era musical set to the songs of Bob Dylan, is expected to arrive on Broadway. And then there's *Hadestown*, the album of netherworld ballads from singer-songwriter Anais Mitchell that is now a Tony Award—winning musical. You might say that Broadway is feeling flexible, with members of the downtown avant-garde regularly landing real estate uptown. So as singular as it seems, American Utopia might just be the direction Broadway is going: toward innovative performances that move us in new and startling ways.

Growing up in suburban Maryland in the '60s, Byrne had, he recalls, zero interest and little exposure to classical American theater—save for a Broadway cast recording of *The Sound of Music* that was a staple in his family's LP collection. He played in rock bands in high school and college and, after a stint at the Rhode Island School of Design, started in 1975 what might be called the ultimate art-rock band. The Talking Heads not only gave us minimalist, near-punk hits ("Psycho Killer," "Once in a Lifetime," and their Top



**BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE** 

"In a certain way, it's people coming for entertainment," says Byrne of Broadway, "but in other ways it's America speaking to itself." In this story: hair, Thom Priano.

10 hit, "Burning Down the House"), they also helped us reimagine what a rock concert could be.

The same year that Byrne founded the Talking Heads, he showed up at what is now the August Wilson Theater for a work by experimental playwright Robert Wilson titled A Letter to Queen Victoria. Being a Robert Wilson piece—using language less like dialogue and more like concrete poetry—it wasn't your typical Broadway production. The shows sometimes began with patrons walking through basement rooms where actors were, say, hanging from a swing. "I saw that and my mind was blown," says Byrne, still amazed. "I had just moved to New York, and I'd never seen anything like it." In the '90s, Byrne visited a handful of old theaters as they were being renovated, and his sense of the history and importance of those places in the American cultural conversation more fully took root. "In a certain way, it's people coming for entertainment, but in other ways it's America speaking to itself," he says.

Byrne and Parson began working together in 2008, when Byrne was touring with Brian Eno for their 2008 musical collaboration, *Everything That Happens Will Happen Today*. Parsons was one of three choreographers on the tour, but she and Byrne clicked. In 2012, they again worked together on the *Love This Giant* tour, supporting an album Byrne had

recorded with St. Vincent, and then in 2013 on *Here Lies Love*, the story (sort of) of Imelda Marcos, cowritten with the English DJ and producer Fatboy Slim. It played at the Public Theater—and, yes, they'd like to see that production make it to Broadway too. "We were working on that," Byrne says, "and I thought, Why are these musicals always the same?"

"And from a dance perspective they're always the same," says Parson. "I guess that's the idea. It's like comfort food."

Parson and Byrne set out to turn this idea on its head. But rather than experiment with technology—see *Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark* or the new *King Kong*—their work has a humanistic bent. "I thought, People! People onstage!" he recalls. "I can push that further and not try to compete in the area of projections, flash pots, and amazing sets that drop from the ceiling. I had a sense that, as human beings, when we go to a show, that's what we're interested in—that it's the people that really move us."

True to this spirit, Byrne has allowed the work of others to influence the direction of American Utopia. One song, "Everybody's Coming to My House," had initially been a work about anxiety: "It feels like I am saying, 'Oh, my God, all these people are at my house—when are they ever going to leave? Do I have to talk to all of them?"" But now—thanks in large part to a moving cover performed by the Detroit School of Arts Vocal Jazz Ensemble—he sees it differently. "When the students do it, it's more of a yes. Yes, everybody is coming to my house; come on over, yes! It's about inclusion and welcoming people. They haven't changed a word, but they've changed the meaning completely."

Word in the U.S., at least since the Puritans couldn't handle anything but work and imperfection in this life. But Byrne helps us feel its possibility. "Here's this musician who, for the last 40 years, has been observing American society," says Timbers. "And here he is in this moment of our cultural crisis, and we're able to look at the world through his lens." Not to put a nose on the clown, but this is a work that turns the theater into a utopia, just for a bit. □









### THE FAERIE QUEENE

Born in the rolling hills of southwestern England, Twigs plays the part of the woodland sprite—both delicate and dangerous—with ease. Maison Margiela Artisanal designed by John Galliano dress; (212) 989-7612.

AS A MISFIT SCHOOLGIRL—"a proper weirdo, a little troglodyte," as she puts it—growing up in the rural Cotswolds, the perfectly exquisite FKA Twigs (née Tahliah Debrett Barnett; her childhood nickname came from her ability to crack her finger joints) was obsessed by classical ballet and opera, both of which she studied intensively. "Certain things can just change your life forever," she says.

Raised by a single mother obsessed by Westwood and Gaultier, Twigs first introduced herself to style through a nostalgia for the flamboyant New Romantic movement that flourished after punk. In pre-internet England, Twigs looked at old vinyl record sleeves for inspiration—Adam Ant and Bow Wow Wow's Annabella Lwin were idols—and improvised the looks with her mum's hand-me-downs and thrift-store trouvailles. (Her current collaborators—including designer Ed Marler, the Central Saint Martins wild child; his partner, stylist Matthew Josephs; and performance artist Theo Adams—all revere the movement too.)

Twigs has been performing professionally since she was 13 and a dancer in the local ZooNation company, but when she moved to London at 17 she soon became involved in an underground performance-art cabaret scene. "I had a boyfriend who said if I got a job at The Box, he'd dump me," she says, "so I went and got a job there and dumped *him*, just out of principle. I'd sing old jazz songs and walk on tables and kick people's drinks off and be generally outrageous whilst singing this beautiful jazz song and remaining completely snatched in a beautiful dress. I'd come up with the ideas, and my mum would make all the costumes."

Ever the fashion chameleon, Twigs hit the Paris couture earlier this year variously dressed in giraffe-print boots and a logo bucket hat chez Valentino; a Margiela skirt fashioned from granddad pants, a striped shirt with peekaboo cutouts to reveal her lace girdle, an opal tooth cap, and white Tabi boots for Margiela Artisanal, where she was enraptured by her ardent admirer John Galliano's puff ball gown, which was originally fashioned as matelot pants. ("My mom dressed me as a sailor until I was three or four," she explains.)

After her London move, a chance meeting with the photographer Matthew Stone soon led to a street-casting shoot for *i-D*. Her portrait made the magazine's cover, and in what she calls "genius serendipity," she put out her *EP1* at the same time through YouTube. It went viral, and in short order Twigs put out two more EPs and a full-length album, *LP1*. Then she discovered that she had six fibroid tumors. "I was in pain every single day for about a year," she says. After successful surgery last year, "I spent some time discovering who I was, both musically and stylewise. You can't slink around in black mesh your whole life, can you?"

Five years later—along with her first feature-film role, opposite Lucas Hedges in the Shia LaBeouf—penned *Honey Boy*—she has some powerful new music to unleash, produced with Chilean-American composer Nicolas Jaar. "It's very delicate, very heartbroken," she says, and it reflects not only her health issues but her klieg-lit split from Robert Pattinson. "It's classical but still a bit hood." In preparation for her tour, Twigs is training in the Chinese martial art of Wushu, which she practices with her sword, named Lilith. "Literally all I do is train," she says. "I've got something a bit wrong with me."





### Future Tense

ARIANA GRANDE'S VOICE FILLS THE rented Chrysler Pacifica minivan: "The light is coming to give back everything the darkness stole." Varshini Prakash, executive director of the Sunrise Movement, bops her head, keeping her hands at ten and two on the wheel. "When did this come out?" she asks Jesse Meisenhelter, fellow Sunriser and her copilot on our 10-hour drive between Louisville and Washington, D.C. "It's so relevant!" Humming along, Meisenhelter, 25, and Prakash, 26 (the same age as Grande), seem more like carefree coeds than leaders of a self-described "army of young people" touring the country to rally support for the Green New Deal—the polarizing climate resolution presented in February to Congress by Representative Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez and Senator Ed Markey.

And yet here they are, at the tail end of an eight-city tour, slicing through the jewel green of the Appalachian oakhickory forests as the early May weather shifts from fog to mist to rain and back again. Thunderstorms are a good omen, Prakash tells me. She was born during a thunderstorm; *Varshini* means "the one who brings the rain" in Sanskrit (her family is from the now drought-ravaged Indian city of Chennai). It thundered when she proposed to her partner, Filipe de Carvalho, 25 (another Sunriser), on a Brazilian beach in late November, as it did earlier that month during Sunrise's occupation of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi's office, the action that catapulted the Green New Deal, and the Sunrise Movement with it, to the forefront of the nation's conversation on climate.

More than 200 activists in their teens and early 20s lined the halls of the Cannon House Office Building in D.C. that day, holding signs saying WE NEED THE GREEN NEW DEAL, DO YOUR JOB, and NO MORE EXCUSES. Fifty-one were arrested for unlawful demonstration, and the protest produced a flood of coverage—some 4,000 articles about the Green New Deal with Ocasio-Cortez as the face of it, bolstered by ranks of Sunrisers, wide-eyed and resolute, perp-walked in plasticuffs. "It's no wonder that they've managed to find the youngest and most charismatic congresswoman that there's ever been," says Bill McKibben, the pioneering environmentalist author, "because that describes their movement, too."

"Kids these days are lit and ready to go," says Prakash of Sunrise's base, which is trending increasingly younger—it's not uncommon to find preteens at their rallies and events. Born too late to be seduced by the promises of Reaganite neoliberalism and coming of age between late—Obama era languor and early—Trump era despair, Sunrise's members are furious at what they see as inaction on climate and ready to take matters into their own hands. In this they're joined by young, angry activists around the world. "That's been a huge shift over the past year with Sunrise's organizing and the global student climate strikes that were inspired by Greta



The climate crisis is the existential threat of our time, and young people are sounding the alarm louder than anyone.
Chloe Malle embeds with the Sunrise Movement, a cadre of young political activists fighting for radical change.



Thunberg in Sweden," says Naomi Klein, activist and author of 2014's best-selling *This Changes Everything*. "I think young people have a particular moral voice that is just getting stronger and clearer, a combination of optimism and existential terror. There's also a rage and rightful disappointment with the people who were supposed to protect their future."

Like Prakash, Sara Blazevic, 26, is one of Sunrise's cofounders (there are eight in total, most of whom cut their teeth working on fossil fuel—divestment campaigns at their respective colleges, then were spurred to wider action by Bernie Sanders's first presidential campaign). Blazevic wears a discreet nose ring, a trout tattoo on her inner arm, and projects an air of serene competence. "Almost every-

body in Sunrise has lived our entire lives in a world on the cusp of climate apocalypse," she tells me. "That's what drives them—just the sheer scale of the devastation on the horizon." Last fall the United Nations' scientific panel on climate change underscored how close that horizon has come, warning that the world community has 12 years to prevent global temperatures from rising above 1.5 degrees Celsius, the cutoff for averting catastrophe. Meanwhile, President Trump has relentlessly mocked climate science and heaped scorn on the Green New Deal, even as the major Democratic presidential candidates have all embraced it in some way. "It would be unwise to discount Sunrise's capacity to keep this front and center," says Klein. "I mean, we've never seen this much attention paid to climate change in an electoral cycle."

In the six weeks I spent at Sunrise

in imagined worlds," she says.

rallies, boot camps, and debate parties this summer, the young activists I met seemed caught between idealism and fury—and a longing to escape to different worlds. Meisenhelter, who grew up in a commune with goats in Portland, Oregon, routinely shares favorite fantasy or science fiction with her fellow Sunrisers. "Organizing is making science fiction real," she says. Prakash nods vehemently; she is currently reading Ursula K. Le Guin's The Lathe of Heaven, which describes a dystopian American Northwest ravaged by climate change. (Though Harry Potter is her favorite of the genre—"Duh! Is that even a question?!"—and there are plans to name the conference rooms in the new D.C. Sunrise offices after Hogwarts houses.) Growing up, Prakash and her school friend would take Bridge to Terabithia-type adventures into the woods behind their homes in Acton, Massachusetts. "All of the people I know spent lots of time

Pulling off I-64, we stop at Bojangles and order Bo-Berries (blueberry-muffin biscuits) drenched in icing. Prakash digs into the Styrofoam box and shrugs when I ask about her own consumption habits. "If eating fast food on the tour means that in five years we've passed legislation that has

changed the system, then I think that's okay," she says, adding that this is a crucial generational divide. "Older generations were like 'Change your light bulb, change your life' and this generation is thinking, Let's change these *systems*."

It is the older generation that has leveled the sharpest criticisms of the Green New Deal, which demands a complete transition to a carbon-neutral economy in the next decade, requiring nothing less than a total overhaul of the nation's infrastructure. This would cost trillions, on top of the plan's proposals for government-funded or subsidized health care, education, jobs, and housing. The rebukes from Republicans were predictably unanimous, but there was pointed criticism from longtime climate advocates on the



left as well. Speaker Pelosi dismissed it as "the green dream, or whatever they call it; nobody knows what it is, but they're for it, right?" while Michael Bloomberg, who in June committed \$500 million to help transition away from the fossil-fuel economy, cautioned against promoting a "pie in the sky" proposal.

In July, centrist Democrats in the House presented a more moderate plan to curb carbon emissions by 2050 rather than the Green New Deal's eyebrow-raisingly ambitious goal of 2030. "We are inspired by the energy, activism, and outside mobilizing of the Sunrise Movement and the millions of young people across the country who are using their power to bring about transformational change," Speaker Pelosi wrote me in an email. "Guided by their voices and the vision and values of our caucus, House Democrats are taking decisive action to defend the people and places we love." When I speak to Jody Freeman, a professor of environmental

### **STAR POWER**

Representative Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is the Sunrise Movement's most visible advocate and nothing less than an idol to its membership. law at Harvard University and a former legal counsel in the Obama administration, she tells me that while she admires the ambitiousness of the plan, "I'm not sure that the folks pushing these policies have a pragmatic view of what is possible, given how hard this is politically."

But ambition is the point, says Klein. "I understand that it sounds more practical to just have a narrow climate policy, but we live in a time of tremendous economic stress and hardship, and if we aren't able to show people that it is possible to tackle the climate crisis while actually improving quality of life, we will keep losing." She cites France's Yellow Vest riots, spurred by the introduction of a petroleum tax largely shouldered by the working class, as a cautionary tale for incremental change.

From the beginning, Sunrise has aimed to draw the support of labor groups by including plans for so-called green jobs, but while some unions have voiced support for the Green New Deal, many have loudly denounced it. This fuels worry about a fracturing Democratic Party where the firebrand progressive left drives away working-class voters, laying the groundwork for a Trump 2020 victory. Freeman also says she finds Sunrise's choice of targets—Pelosi and Senator Dianne Feinstein, for example—puzzling. "I mean, these are people who would be considered allies on climate change," she says.

When I ask Prakash about all of this on our drive to D.C., she is emphatic: "I think if you're not creating some kind of tension and illuminating the difference between where we are right now and where we need to be, you're not doing a very good job as a social movement." Wide and urgent, her eyes meet mine in the rearview mirror. "What is defeating Trump?" she asks. "Are you going to defeat Trump with a

pathetic and tepid vision for America? Hillary ran on America's already great, and that just is not resonant." Joe Biden, she adds, has emerged with the same message: "'Oh, Trump was just a bad dream. If you make me president, we will wake up from it.'" She raises both hands off the wheel; the gray light filters

through her beige glitter nails, a gel manicure she got in Detroit before their tour stop three weeks earlier. "He doesn't understand that things have fundamentally changed!"

Onstage at Howard University, in Washington, D.C., five-foot-tall Prakash bounces up and down, hyping the crowd. She wears a Green New Deal T-shirt knotted at the back to make it more fitted and faux suede black booties from Forever 21 ("Just like our movement," deadpans Meisenhelter). Ocasio-Cortez and Sanders are among the rally's speakers, and Prakash is serving as M.C. She begins the event as she has all of the Sunrise's tour stops, by acknowledging the original keepers of the land we are on, in this case the Piscataway tribe, and asking for a moment of silence. She ends it by gesticulating fiercely, pointing and slicing through the air with a call and response. "Do you all remember how many questions were asked about climate change in the 2016 or 2012 general election?" "Zero!" the audience yells back. "This is the year we have to *change* the debate."

Outside, the line to enter stretches the length of two football fields. There are handmade we heart aoc signs; several women wear T-shirts that read Ayanna & Ilhan & Rashida & Alexandria, referencing the four telegenic first-term congresswomen who have become emblems of the House's newly energized progressive left. A 10-year-old named Maria wears a T-shirt with Shepard Fairey's iconic Obama screen print replaced with Ocasio-Cortez's image, and aoc instead of hope. "She's an idol!" the fifth grader says.

Sunrise's ability to rally the very young can be a powerful asset. When a gaggle of preteens, some of them only 11, confronted Senator Feinstein in her San Francisco office in March, her curt dismissal of them as non-negotiating naïfs went viral, proving that not taking the youth climate movement seriously is a grave mistake. "Sunrise's youth has opened up space and places where no other demographic could get in," says Rhiana Gunn-Wright of the think tank New Consensus and the policy architect behind the Green New Deal. There are also potential liabilities. Part of Blazevic's job at the Pelosi sit-in was to ensure that no one under 18 got arrested, and Meisenhelter made "mom calls" during an action at Senator Mitch McConnell's office. "There's a lot of emotional support for the moms of 12-year-olds during rallies," she says. "You have to calm them down."

But the youthful ranks of Sunrisers keeps growing, and a month after the Howard University rally, I attend a boot camp in Stony Point, New York, for 58 incoming Sunrise "fellows," ages 18 to 25—almost all of whom will move into dorm-style Sunrise Movement Houses for three to six months, in a variety of roles, to help carry the weight of the organization's expansion. In 2018, Sunrise's operating budget was \$850,000; this year that number has risen to \$4.5 million

"Older generations were like

'Change your lightbulb, change your life,' and this generation is thinking, Let's change these

systems," says Prakash

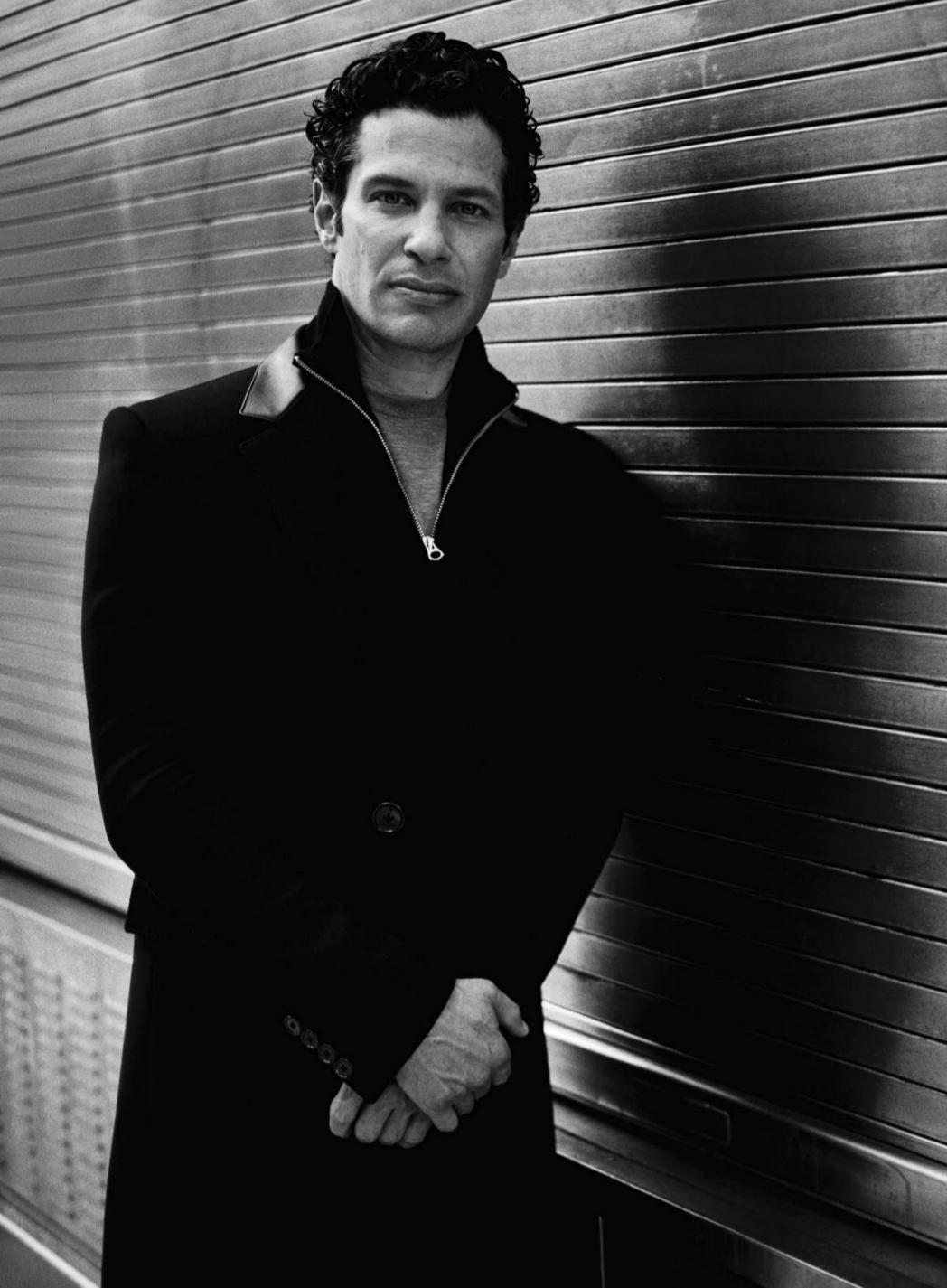
(fueled by fund-raising, which is a 60–40 split between grants and individual donations). Last June, no media outlet would respond to Sunrise's press releases; this week, *The New York Times* sends a five-person video crew to the boot camp to film an episode of *The Weekly*, the TV show inspired by the popular

podcast *The Daily*, and Politico sends a reporter and photographer for a major feature.

Victoria Fernandez, 26, a cofounder wearing lilac color-blocked Outdoor Voices leggings, a battered copy of 2016's grassroots manual *Rules for Revolutionaries: How Big Organizing Can Change Everything* lolling out of her backpack, leads a training session. "It was only once Cardi B got haters that you knew she was famous," Fernandez says, noting that Fox News devoted three times as much coverage to the Green New Deal as CNN and MSNBC combined. The room of new fellows snaps enthusiastically in approval, sounding like a drove of cicadas. Fernandez then starts a round of Sunrise Jeopardy with trivia categories such as Make It Hopeful and Big Us, Narrow Them. "We need our villains to feel conquerable," she says. For example, she says, refer to the fossil-fuel industry as fossil-fuel "elites," so as not to alienate the industry's workers.

Fellows are encouraged to tell their personal stories as acts of "public narrative." CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

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### THE

Thomas Kail, the award-winning director behind *In the Heights, Hamilton,* and an assortment of other productions, returns to his roots in *Freestyle Love*Supreme. By Adam Green.

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EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, the hubris and pretension of undergraduate student theater leads to something great. Such was the case at Wesleyan University in 1998, when a junior named Thomas Kail got bitten by the theater bug after his friend Anthony Veneziale asked him to perform in an improv version of the German dramatist Heiner Müller's inscrutable postmodernist play Hamletmachine that, with two African American Ophelias and two white Hamlets, aimed to dissect Race in America. "It was the most 'Wesleyan' thing of all time," Kail says now with a laugh.

That production may not have set the world on fire, but it did lead to Kail and Veneziale's starting a theater company together in New York after college, which led to a collaboration with another Wesleyan alum, Lin-Manuel Miranda, which resulted in Miranda's Tony-winning musicals In the Heights and, of course, Hamilton, both of which Kail directed. It also set the stage for the now-legendary hip-hop improv show Freestyle Love Supreme, first performed in 2003 and eventually going on to feature a rotating cast including Veneziale, Miranda, and his future Hamilton costar Christopher Jackson, who dazzlingly-and hilariously—freestyled a series of songs and mini-musicals based on suggestions thrown out by the audience. After a five-week reunion run at New York's Greenwich House Theater last winter, Freestyle Love Supreme comes to the Booth Theatre on Broadway this month under Kail's direction. On the heels of co-executive producing and directing much of the sensational limited TV series Fossel Verdon, Kail also has the new pop musical The Wrong Man opening at the Robert W. Wilson MCC Theater Space this month and is a producer, along with J. J. Abrams, of the English mentalist Derren Brown's astonishing one-man show Secret, which just opened on Broadway. A director at the height of his artistic and commercial powers, Kail is as excited about returning to his roots with Freestyle as he is about mounting new work.

"I don't know if there's a show I've ever done that makes the back of my head hurt—in the best sense—the way that *Freestyle* does," he says. "We've all been in each other's lives, and in each other's faces, for a long time, and there's just something about the energy of it that still generates some of the purest expressions of joy that I've ever been around."

With an unruly thatch of curly, dark-brown hair, handsome features, and a permanently wry mien, the compactly built 42-year-old director cuts a boyish figure. He is ebullient and fast-talking, though at the same time he exudes an aura of calm selfassurance and quiet authority. This may be why members of the extended Freestyle Love Supreme crew, all roughly his contemporaries, refer to him as "Dad." (Though Kail is not yet an actual father himself, he says that, outside the theater, his favorite thing to do is be uncle to his five nieces and nephews, three of whom are in New York City, where he lives.)

Growing up in Alexandria, Virginia, Kail didn't seem destined for a life in the theater. A soccer- and baseball-playing jock at Sidwell Friends School, he headed to college with dreams of

becoming a sportscaster. Veneziale, a sophomore and leading light of the campus improv scene, met Kail on his first day of school, bonding with him over their shared love of '90s hip-hop, which they tested by throwing out lines from the likes of A Tribe Called Quest and Digable Planets for the other to finish. They also shared a gift for freestyling—improvisational rapping, with the flavor of a jazz solo. Kail traces the genesis of Freestyle Love Supreme to a cross-country car trip he and Veneziale took, during which, to stay awake, they put on a CD of a sped-up version of Daft Punk's "Around the World," hit repeat, and freestyled over the beat for hours. "I said, 'Tell me all of your stories," Veneziale recalls. "And we rapped nonstop until we made it to Des Moines." Kail adds, "When you get to that place, the filter comes off, and anything goes."

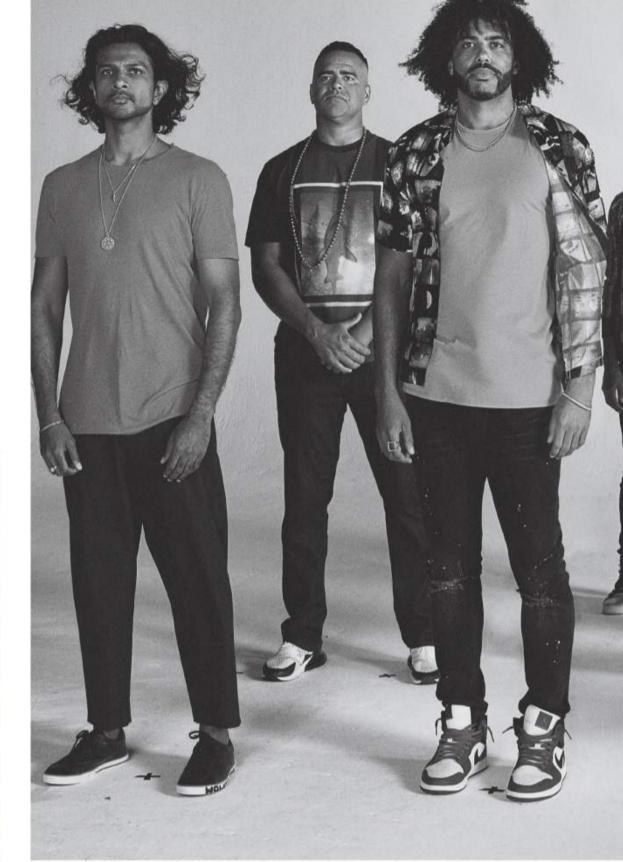
That spirit of no-holds-barred experimentation animated Back House Productions, the theater company that Kail, Veneziale, and two friends started in New York City after graduation, housed in the basement of the late, lamented Drama Book Shop on West 40th Street. This was where Kail and Miranda first met in 2002—and the chemistry was instantaneous. Two years earlier, Veneziale had given Kail the script and a demo CD for an early version of *In the Heights*, written during Miranda's sophomore year at

### TURNING BACK TIME

"If you go to see *Freestyle*, you can see the DNA of *In the Heights* and *Hamilton*," Kail says. Celine by Hedi Slimane coat. Hair, Thom Priano; grooming, Scott Patric. Details, see In This Issue. Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.

### **THE SUPREMES**

Rounding out the mutable cast is (FROM NEAR RIGHT) Utkarsh Ambudkar, Christopher Jackson, Daveed Diggs, Andrew Bancroft, James Monroe Iglehart, Chris Sullivan, Anthony Veneziale, Arthur Lewis, and Lin-Manuel Miranda. All wear original costumes by Lisa Zinni. Hair, Thom Priano. Sittings Editor: Phyllis Posnick.







### **STAR PLAYERS**

TOP LEFT: Lin-Manuel Miranda (as Alexander Hamilton) and Jonathan Groff (as King George III) in 2015. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz. LEFT: Claire Danes and John Krasinski starred in Kail's 2016 production of *Dry Powder*. Photographed by Steven Klein.



Photographed by Steven Klein

Wesleyan. After they bonded over a mutual passion for Biggie Smalls and Big Pun, Kail gave Miranda some thoughts about his nascent musical. "I had all this ambition, some talent, and not much of a clue how to get there," Miranda recalls. "He saw the path."

During the early days of working on *In the Heights*, Miranda and Veneziale would blow off steam by freestyling together, and Veneziale finally suggested that they try it in front of an audience. An improv veteran, Veneziale was comfortable being onstage without a

net from the beginning. ("After a while, you start dreaming in improv and rhymes—it's like speaking another language," he says.) Miranda, on the other hand, was "petrified," but, he explains, "you learn to just trust your gut, and you jump out of the plane, and you build the parachute on the way down."

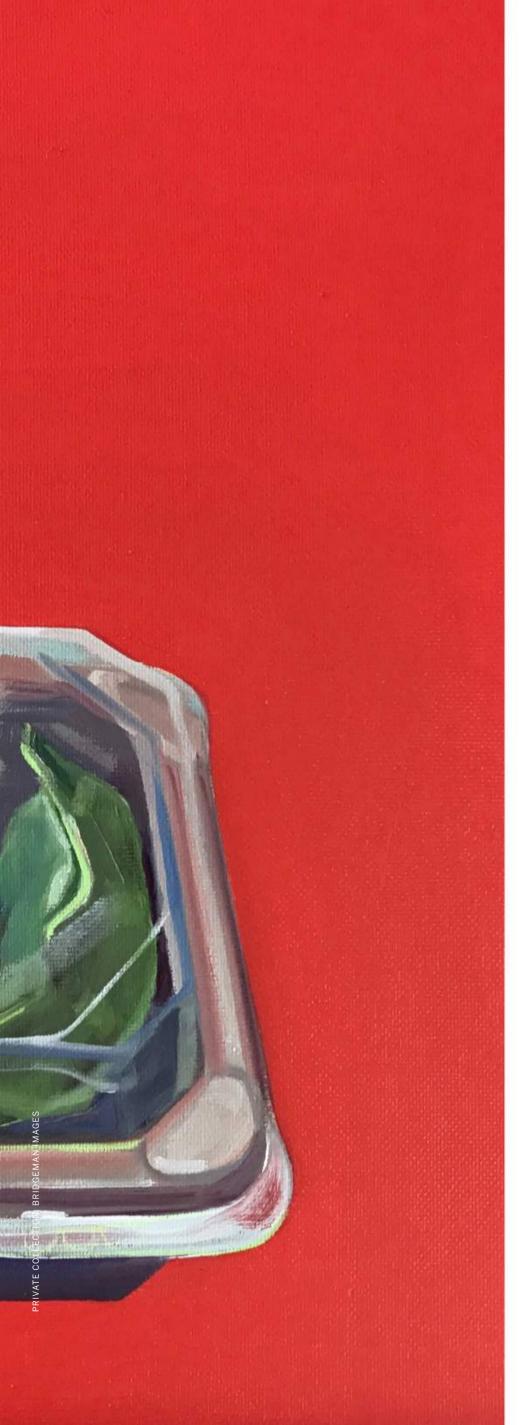
Soon Miranda and Veneziale filled out their ranks with other freestylers and asked Kail to take a look at what they were doing to help them pull it together. "Tommy understood how to weave our short-form improv games into a long-form experience," Veneziale says. "He turned it into a show."

After years of performing together at various theaters and festivals, the *Freestyle Love Supreme* crew has the tight-knit precision of the Guarneri String Quartet and the loosey-goosey virtuosity of the Harlem Globetrotters. The current lineup consists of Veneziale, Utkarsh Ambudkar, Andrew Bancroft, the beatbox wiz Chris Sullivan (who goes by Shockwave), and, CONTINUED ON PAGE 211

# Dumplings are ancient, internationally ubiquitous, inexpensive—comfort food par excellence. Tamar Adler takes a New York City tour of the best of the best, and tries her hand at filling a few of her own

and tries her hand at filling a few of her own.





IT STARTED, AS MANY INNOCENT things do, with cheese. Two pints of fresh pillowy Vermont ricotta, about to go bad. I calculated I had a day to salvage them. My son doesn't eat lasagna. (It's a combination of ingredients, and he is a purist.) But a quick search yielded a recipe for ricotta gnocchi: the simplest kind of dumpling. I mixed egg yolks, ricotta, Parmesan, salt, and a smattering of flour, and was rewarded with tiny, savory pasta cushions, light as air.

The following morning, my attention was drawn to a shelf of dusty cookbooks containing recipes involving fresh dough. As a rule, I avoid the stuff. When I mix flour with water, I end up with glue. Dried pasta is the best invention of humankind. Why mess with perfection?

But the simplicity of my ricotta gnocchi left me with an itch. I love dumplings, in all varieties. I love potato gnocchi with Genovese pesto. I adore Northern Chinese jiaozi. (I ate eight a day for a whole year in New York in my 20s, at the Eldridge Street storefront that now houses the famed Vanessa's Dumpling House.) I love Piedmontese agnolotti, Russian pelmeni, Ukrainian pierogi, Japanese gyoza. I love har gow from China, Turkish manti, Nepali momos, kreplach from all of Eastern Europe.

I've always judged these too complicated to make—but if my ricotta gnocchi were technically dumplings, perhaps I'd been wrong?

I boarded a train bound for New York City, dumpling capital of North America. Dumplings are part of nearly every cuisine in the world—oddly, other than French, which never figured out noodles the way other cultures did—and Italian and Chinese dumplings are the apex of dumpling excellence. My plan: I would study under experts whose dumplings I hoped to master. As the sunlight-spotted Hudson River rushed by, I plunged into reading and found that, according to Harold McGee's essential On Food and Cooking, some form of dough product was made in China as early as 200 B.C.E. By 300 C.E., one finds an "Ode to Bing"—bing are today a kind of Chinese flatbread—that describes the making of dough from flour and water or broth and resulting in a mixture "soft as silk floss in the springtime." Jiaozi are mentioned in documents from before 700 C.E. Apparently there are even dumpling fossils dating to the ninth century.

I disembarked at Penn Station and quickly made my way to Misi in Brooklyn, Missy Robbins's newest temple to pasta. Misi is home to what I believe to be the best stuffed Italian dumpling in the city—though it goes by a rather confusing term: *occhi. Occhi* means eyes, and Robbins traces it to an off-menu special she tasted once at a trattoria in Luca, Italy. It is a faultless dumpling: pliant marigold-yellow dough full to bulging with sheep and cow ricottas, with nary an atom of air between. (Air bubbles both increase the chance of a rupture and occupy real estate CONTINUED ON PAGE 211

### **PLAIN AND SIMPLE**

DUMPLINGS ARE PART OF NEARLY EVERY CUISINE IN THE WORLD. RACHEL CAMPBELL, *HEATING INSTRUCTIONS*, 2016.

### #GOALS

FOLLOWING THEIR
WORLD CUP WIN,
MEGAN RAPINOE AND
ALEX MORGAN ARE
CONTINUING THEIR
FIGHT FOR PAY
EQUALITY—MORE THAN
PROVING THEY'VE
EARNED THEIR STRIPES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JACKIE NICKERSON.

BOUNCING OFF THE STANDS of the Stade de Lyon was the chant that shook the cultural consciousness: "Equal pay! Equal pay!" The pay disparity between male and female sports figures has been recognized for some time, but the women's World Cup brought it to new prominence. In recent years, a male soccer player on the U.S. national team could earn up to \$13,166 per victory in a nontour-

nament game, while a similarly situated female player would make only \$4,950. The pot of prize money awarded to victorious male World Cup players last year was \$400 million; this year, the female champions split \$30 million.

Months before cocaptains Megan Rapinoe and Alex Morgan led the U.S. Women's Soccer team to their fourth World Cup championship, they and 26 of their teammates filed a lawsuit against the United States Soccer Federation for these disparities. After returning home from France, they were at once basking in a jubilant celebration—a ticker-tape parade down the canyons of New York, strangers on the street putting babies in their arms—and steeling themselves for an upcoming mediation with the USSF.

With the fight ahead very much on their minds, the two team leaders met on a steamy, rainy day in lower Manhattan to try on a different kind of uniform—and discuss the future of the game that they so clearly love. "The win was much bigger than a world championship," says Morgan, whose soft-spoken tone belies an inner determination. The Los Angeles native is headed back to Florida, where she plays for the Orlando Pride, just days after we speak, and then will fly on to L.A. to see her husband, Servando Carrasco, a member of the L.A. Galaxy. "I haven't been in one place for more than two days," she says, laughing. But despite her hectic schedule, she is hyperfocused on the path ahead. "We are standing up for what we believe in," she says, "and we're standing up for other women in sports who aren't getting opportunities or respect around the world." (WNBA salaries, for example, max out at around \$116,000, while NBA players are paid at least \$500,000.) Rapinoe knows personally how the issue plays out in other leagues: Her girlfriend of three years, Sue Bird, plays for the WNBA.

"To have a complete and informed conversation around equal pay, you have to talk about gender inequity and racial inequity," says Rapinoe. She sees this fight as not just about money but about fundamental human rights. "It sounds corny, but are you going to treat people with respect or aren't you?" Rapinoe—one of the first female athletes to kneel for the National Anthem in solidarity with NFL

player Colin Kaepernick back in 2016—has long been a critic of President Trump, despite hailing from what she describes as "total Trump country" (the small northern California town of Redding). During a pre-championship interview, the Seattle Reign forward famously declared that "I'm not going to the fucking White House" were her team to win. (Her twin sister, Rachel, has tried to limit the F-bombs: "Rachel was like, Mom has concerns," Rapinoe reports. "No more F-words in public.") But she's eager to make this an issue that builds bridges rather than divides. "I am totally down for bipartisanship," she says. "The next step is really pushing the conversation forward."

As important as a legal or legislative triumph would be, Rapinoe underlines that there are many ways to fight this fight. She's writing a book (to be published by Penguin Press in 2020), while also working on another title aimed at young adults. She's looking ahead to the 2020 elections, and expresses admiration for both "rock-star baller" Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez and Nancy Pelosi, with her seasoned wisdom. A day trip to Charlotte, North Carolina, is about the only break she'll take before getting back to her regular, multifaceted work. "Everybody has a personal responsibility to do something," says Rapinoe. "I am in front of the press basically every day. That's my lane, and I feel comfortable in it. But there are a million other lanes."—BROOKE BOBB

### **SHORT GAME**

"To have a complete and informed conversation around equal pay," says Rapinoe, "you have to talk about gender inequity and racial inequity." **Alexander Wang** sweater (\$695) and shorts (\$195); alexanderwang.com. Fashion Editor: Jorden Bickham.





### **OH, CAPTAIN**

"I think it showed more of who we are and what we're willing to fight for," Morgan says of her team's World Cup win. **Polo Ralph Lauren** dress, \$398; ralphlauren.com. **Louis Vuitton** sneakers.

### MY CAPTAIN!

"I don't think there is any substantive conversation to have there,"
Rapinoe says of a team visit to the White House. "I'd rather take that
time to bring people together and to have the hard conversations."

Celine by Hedi Slimane sweater, \$2,750; celine.com. Tibi shorts,
\$375; tibi.com. Cartier necklace. Louis Vuitton sneakers.

BEAUTY NOTE: Let your purple reign. Kérastase Blond Absolu Cicaflash
Intense Fortifying Treatment's opalescent lavender gel delivers
a hydrating, anti-brassy shield to keep color brighter, longer.

### TURNING HEADS



### HOW TO TOP THE SEASON'S MOST COMPELLING COLLECTIONS? WITH AN EVER-VERSATILE ACCESSORY THAT RANGES FROM PRIM TO PUNKISH: THE HAT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ETHAN JAMES GREEN.







WINGED VICTORY

Loewe's sophisticated sportswear meets its boldly silhouetted match—all of it topped off by a series of hats inspired by Coret, a midcentury milliner with sculptural flair. FROM FAR LEFT: Model Eniola Abioro wears a **Loewe** leather-and-shearling coat (\$3,990) and boots. Model Fei Fei Sun wears a **Loewe** lace dress (\$4,450) and boots. Nicholas wears a **Loewe** sweater, jeans (\$790), and moccasins. Faretta wears a **Loewe** dress (\$2,500) and boots. All at loewe.com.



### A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP

ABOVE: The playfully prodigious proportions of this dress and coat are a fine pair for two fanciful **Stephen Jones for Marc Jacobs** skullcaps. FROM LEFT: Sun wears a **Marc Jacobs** dress of silk gazar and peep-toe shoes. Faretta wears a **Marc Jacobs** coat (\$2,200) and boots. All at marcjacobs.com. On Faretta: **Amato New York** gloves.

### **PERFECT COMBINATION**

RIGHT: Matching your flower-laden **Dolce & Gabbana** fascinators to your outsize tulle skirt and coat is a charming nod to the past—though with the Technicolor volume turned up this high, it has the ring of the future about it as well. Abioro wears a **Dolce & Gabbana** overcoat (\$4,995), skirt (\$1,845), and shoes. Nicholas wears a **Dolce & Gabbana** coat (\$4,745), skirt (\$1,845), and shoes. All at select Dolce & Gabbana stores. In this story: hair, Orlando Pita; makeup, Francelle Daly. Details, see In This Issue.







### **LAUREN ORDER**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

marketing campaigns that didn't just sell products—they told stories.

Though it sounds so canny now, at the time these were radical moves.

"Genius—it was genius!" Lauren says, chuckling. (He recoils at fashion's habit of overwrought superlatives.) "I knew what I was doing because I loved what I did," he says. "I wasn't catering to some lady somewhere, or some guy. I was catering to myself."

Through it all, he has remained current by sticking to his gut, refusing to fall into the trap of chasing fads. "I love timelessness," Lauren explains. "I've always liked things that get better with age." *Very Ralph* drills down to the roots of Lauren's inspirations: classic movies, vintage cars, style vanguards like Frank Sinatra.

"There's a romance to Ralph," says Vera Wang, who worked as a design director for Lauren in the late 1980s before launching her own brand. "When you look at the breadth of what he's done, there has to be this sense of romance about life."

At its core, though, *Very Ralph* isn't a fashion movie. It's about family. Ralph and Ricky married young, and they remain close to their children, Andrew, David, and Dylan. All of them appear in the documentary, and there is a warmth to their shared reminiscences—and some never-seen-before family videos—as they reveal a playful father who doted on his wife and kids.

"We asked for all the home movies," Lacy says. She describes one of her favorite scenes: "He's dancing with Andrew, carrying on, pretending to be James Bond, pretending to be Sinatra. It was such a beautiful side to him that, if you were not in his family, you would never know."

"They're just nice to be around," designer Thom Browne says of the Laurens. "They're a very normal family—which is an amazing thing to say for a family that really could have not been so normal."

Lauren is proud of how his family has stayed close—there's now a beach house next door, previously Edward Albee's, for the extended clan—but he emphasizes that the Laurens have ups and downs like everyone else. The same goes for the business: The company managed to stave off financial pressures in its early days, and going public in 1997 brought a whole new level of scrutiny.

"There are good days and bad days," Lauren says. "Stock goes up, and all of a sudden you're a genius. Stock goes down—'What's happening to Ralph Lauren? Is he getting old?' Those are the questions you live with, and I live with them."

That sort of anxiety doesn't compare to an episode that is not covered in the documentary: the moment in 1987 when, after hearing a persistent ringing in his ears, Lauren was diagnosed with a brain tumor. At the time, he had three young children at home and was deep in preparations for a show. "Here I was, doing all the things I love, and someone tells me, 'You've got a brain tumor,' "he says. He thought, Am I watching a movie now? "I couldn't believe it."

The tumor proved to be benign and was treated successfully with surgery. Still, "it was the worst time of my life," Lauren says. He struggled emotionally in the aftermath and recalls thinking, *You're alone. You're not a star. You're alone.* 

Lauren would bounce back and lead his company fearlessly toward the 21st century and beyond, and the documentary chronicles the expansion of his vision to new faces like the African American model Tyson Beckford, who, like Ralph, was from the Bronx, and whose inclusion defied white, patrician clichés around preppy Wall Street style. "Here I am in a Ralph Lauren ad, which was unheard-of in the black community," Beckford says. "It changed my life."

Today Lauren sees another mission for fashion: environmental sustainability. You can now buy an "Earth Polo" made from recycled plastic bottles. The company has prioritized reaching younger customers, and Lauren admires the way in which new generations are seeking brands that stand for both quality and responsibility. "That's where the world is right now," he says. "Young people want it. Older people want it."

After our talk, Lauren will be heading back to the city and to work. The company's seismic 50th-anniversary celebration has come and gone—it serves as the documentary's emotional crescendo—but Lauren remains engaged and driven. "Ralph still goes to the office every day," says Lacy. "It's not for the cameras. He's really doing it."

"It's because I have something to say," Lauren tells me. "When I feel I have nothing to say, and I can't do it well, then I have to go. That's what challenges me."

He has been fortunate. He says this often, like a mantra. "I've been able to realize my dreams, and that's a wonderful thing," Lauren says. His hero Batman may have fought crime and saved

Gotham City, but he lived a lonely existence. As *Very Ralph* makes clear, Ralph Lauren embarked on a different kind of adventure—one that also left a cultural mark—and he did it surrounded by love. I'd say Ralph won. □

### **CROWN JEWEL**

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 175** 

Colman grew up as a seaside girl, in Norfolk, a windy, tide pool–trimmed idyll on the North Sea. Her mother was a nurse, her father a surveyor who returned to university as an adult student. "We moved houses quite a lot, just for fun," she says. "I had a nice, outdoorsy childhood—lots of camping, lots of walks on very wet beaches with anoraks." She had no ambitions to become an actor ("It felt like being a circus performer—if you didn't do it from childhood, how could you?") but watched what she could on the family's black-and-white TV: The Two Ronnies, Knight Rider, Doctor Who. From time to time her grandmother would take her to the movies. "When Bambi's mummy got done in, I think I had to be taken out of the cinema, and I didn't go back for years," she says. "Quite an emotional child. Hard as nails now, obviously."

On set, Colman is known for deepdiving in and out of character as if flipping a switch. "She just jumps; there's no, like, ramping in or ramping out," Weisz says. "Acting is about the speed at which your mind and your imagination keep up, and she's got this incredibly fast mind." David Tennant describes Colman's plunge into the emotion of a character as "infuriatingly, powerfully effortless": "It can be quite hard to pinpoint where Olivia ends and where her characters begin she has incredible access." "Every actor I've worked with has some version of getting into character," Stone says. "She doesn't even seemingly for a second—like, ever. She'll go from being ridiculous, making a joke, whatever, to snapping into a woman who's just had a stroke, is devastated, and is gout-afflicted."

Colman calls herself "emotional, but also emotionally stable": tossed around by the turbulence of each moment, but placidly on course for the long journey. She suggests that this style of being makes acting less psychically corrosive than it might otherwise be. "Some people, if they're playing a very emotional part, it can take hold of them a bit, and I don't have that," she says. "I feel it very much in the moment. But as soon as they say, 'Cut': Ahh. It's cathartic. I actually feel much lighter, having had a good cry."

In high school, Colman struggled to

take pride in her appearance. "I look up pictures of myself as a teenager, and I think I was gorgeous. But I didn't feel that," she says. "All those little comments through those precious years can have long-lasting negative effects. You see images of a perfect person and say, 'I can never be that." Age and wisdom helped, as did the confidence she found in acting and in her marriage. "Over the years, pounds have gone on, and my body has changed; I've had children," she says. "If someone doesn't like me because of the size of my bum, they can fuck off. Because I'm quite a nice person to be with, actually." Even so, she still works to feel comfortable with her body anddespite being an international star and a *Vogue* cover—sometimes finds herself glancing away from mirrors.

"Once I was in a steam room and there were these two women, big women, who sat there, hot and sweaty, so beautiful—I felt like they were almost goddesses," she recalls. "I want that confidence." Getting there is an ongoing process. She eats healthfully (vegetarian Monday to Friday, fish and chicken on the weekends) but doesn't lose sleep or happiness over it: Food is one of life's pleasures. Netflix set her up with a trainer (ironically or not, playing the queen requires vigorous form), but she is not one of those actors who hit the gym at 5 a.m.: If sacrifice of time and sleep is in order, let it be for family. Most of all, she tries to remember that beauty is mostly an assured way of being in the world. "I just always want to tell my children that they're beautiful," she says.

We are sitting with our tea on a bench in the corner of Colman's backyard: a large rectangle of rich-green lawn with a treehouse that Sinclair built for the kids. A cricket bat has been abandoned in the grass; some toys and a scooter are upended underneath a gnarled birch. Colman apologizes for the disorder and then, after a moment of reflection, unapologizes. "Although I get fed up with the mess and things, it's exactly what I always wanted," she admits. She had dreamed of a family since she was 11 years old, but in part because she and Sinclair were in no great rush—they had their first child when Colman was in her 30s, after more than a decade of partnership—she thinks that she was able to savor the experience of motherhood fully when it came. "I wanted it slightly anarchic, noisy, grass with toys on it," she says.

Colman and Sinclair met as young actors in Cambridge: He was at the university, and she was living in the town,

working as a house cleaner, a job she loved. "It was such a position of trust," she says; she took great pleasure in making a house beautiful. She had enrolled in the teachers-training program at Homerton College, Cambridge, but soon dropped out. ("I was rubbish at it.") Cleaning houses let her stay in town, crashing lectures, and, on a whim, auditioning for student-theater productions. She was not a young woman in a hurry.

"It was very important to me in my late teens and early 20s to have fun—it's a great time to have fun," she says. Her auditioning led her into the Cambridge University Footlights, a dramatic club that she had never heard of, despite its reputation for being a hatchery for generations of British comedians—Hugh Laurie, Emma Thompson, John Oliver, and several stars in Monty Python, to name just a few. Two members at the time, David Mitchell and Robert Webb, recognized her comic genius and worked with her often. (Much later, Mitchell and Webb featured in *Peep Show*, her first big break in Britain.) By then, she had met the inspiring young actor Ed Sinclair.

"I saw Ed, fell in love, and lost it completely," she says. "All I could see was him."

Colman worked as a temp and cleaner in London while Sinclair finished his Cambridge degree; when he went on to the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, she followed him, still smitten, assuming that she wasn't drama-school material herself. As he brought friends by for dinner, though, Colman found she loved hearing about their work at school. "They'd eat and talk about the theater, and I went, 'This is where I should be—I want to be part of it,' "she says. The next year, she applied and, to her surprise, got in.

It has become an irresistible irony that Colman, the house cleaner who tagged along to Bristol with her dramaschool boyfriend, is now the family's star actor and its lead breadwinner, too. (Sinclair has acted professionally but works now chiefly as a writer.) Colleagues of hers all marvel at her capacity to build her career around the life she found it important to live. In a notoriously peripatetic profession, Colman has remained close to home; Them That Follow, filmed in Ohio, was her first production in America, and her two weeks on set was the longest she has spent away from her family. "I get homesick. I don't sleep well without Ed, and I miss the kids." In London, she is able to spend the day at work, then return home in the evening to her family and neighbors. (Her kids, she says, have zero

interest in Mom's job; they prefer math, science, and crafts.)

It's partly on account of her family that Colman does less theater than she used to—a loss in the eyes of many. (Weisz: "I saw her in *Mosquitoes* at the National Theatre in London, and she kind of brought the house down. We were crying in our seats.") A theatrical run, which provides off-time during the day, is great when there's a baby in the house, Colman explains, but now that her kids span between kindergarten age and the early teens, it keeps her from tucking them into bed—a ritual she cherishes.

Also, her theater nerves are not what they once were. "I get genuinely terrified: panic attack, dry mouth," she says. "The fear manifested itself as adrenaline before, but now it's just fear." For a long time, the red carpet inspired similar terror. "A lot of people take on a pretend persona, but I'm crippled by it. I feel embarrassed," she says. "A breakthrough for me was at the Venice Film Festival, wearing Stella McCartney"—a glorious flowing ensemble with a trailing cape. "I felt, I can do this, I can do this," she says. "I'd always used clothes as a sort of mask. I discovered that they can make you feel strong and powerful." In other words, more truly oneself.

Colman wants to make meringues for her barbecue guests and suggests that I "help"—a term I place in quotation marks to preserve its intended spirit. (My confidence as a baker roughly correlates to Colman's on the red carpet; my record is worse.) First, though, comes fortification, which is to say more tea. Colman pumps a gurgling spurt into my cup from a boiling-water faucet arcing over the sink. She takes milk from the refrigerator and notes a pitcher of lemonade that her children made earlier that day. "It looks like a urine sample, but it is actually very delicious," she insists. She begins splashing milk into my mug, then peers at it dubiously. "I've made that very pissy—is it too weak?"

"I've had a lot already," I say. Behind me, the kitchen table is covered with Legos and colored pencils, and children's drawings are stuck to the wall, near a narrow shelf of cookbooks. Colman is whooshing through an iPad, brow furrowed. It emerges that she has never made a meringue before. It emerges that neither of us has ever made a meringue before.

"It's two ingredients. How hard could it be?" she asks, still reading. "Oh—'Difficulty level: showing off." She pauses for a moment and our eyes meet; Colman gives a little shrug. "It can't be that hard," she says. She heats the oven, opens a carton of eggs, and begins jogging a yolk back and forth between two bits of shell.

"It's a bit like snot, isn't it?" she exults. She whisks the yolk with a flourish. "Nothing can go wrong now." Colman looks quizzically into the bowl. "I've lost count," she says. "Was that four?"

"Four or five?"

"Let's pretend it's four," Colman says, cracking open another egg. She consults the iPad. "With your mixer still running, gradually add the sugar and a pinch of sea salt." An immersion blender is produced. She hands me a cup of sugar. "I'm gonna keep whizzing while you put that in!"

Alfred, Lord Waggyson, is watching us from as far away as possible, curled up at the head of a sofa near the front windows of the house. I am not so vexed: There is something fun about working with Colman, even on this small and foamy project, and I start to understand why David Tennant recalls "laughing more than we should have done" while making even the grim, bleak *Broadchurch*. "It's obviously getting so thick," she says suddenly, nervously peering into the bowl. "I've about over-whisked it."

"I don't think over-," I say.

She checks the instructions. "'Seven to eight minutes until the meringue is white, glossy, and smooth. If it feels grainy, whisk for a little bit longer, being careful not to let the meringue collapse.'"

We stare at our bowl for a while. The egg whites sit there in a foamy lump. "I don't think it's collapsed," I finally say. "It looks quite . . . present."

Colman sticks in a finger. "It doesn't feel grainy," she says.

"It does look glossy and smooth," I say. Colman spreads a sheet of parchment on a baking pan and pours the mixture into two gigantic dollops. "Wish it good luck," she exclaims and carefully ferries the tray into the oven.

I ask her then whether she doesn't marvel sometimes at the course her life has taken: Two decades ago, she was cleaning houses, and yet, unlike with the mythical waitress turned starlet, the accrual of magic in her life happened over years, touching work and family alike.

"It's amazing, isn't it? Ed and I do sometimes go, Look. We're still together. We've got a family. I'm working," she says. "Appreciating what's happening when it's happening, I think, is quite good and healthy," she says. "When the kids do badly with exams or something, I want them to know that in the grand scheme of things, it doesn't matter. Life's that big."

She smiles and gives me a warm, bashful look. "I just want to try to keep them buoyant and happy. And seeing life as—potentially—beautiful," she says. □

### **FUTURE TENSE**

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Nineteen-year-old Munira Berhe, smiling and moon-faced and wearing a black hijab, says she is here because droughts in the Horn of Africa affected her family in Ethiopia. Like most Sunrisers, Berhe does not fit the environmentalmovement cliché of the white, hacky sack-toting trustafarian. A rising sophomore at Minneapolis Community College, Berhe has nails painted neon yellow and clutches her iPhone emblazoned with a Glossier sticker (her favorite product is the Boy Brow). For her and many of the fellows, 2020 will be the first election they are old enough to vote in. "There was nothing worse than seeing 2016 happen and not being able to do anything," says Maggie Herndon, 19. "I wanted to use my power once I knew I had it." I ask if she or any of the others would be here if Hillary had won. "I don't think Sunrise would be here," says Emily Thompson, 19. There's some debate over this point, but Allie Lindstrom, 21, agrees with a sigh, "I would never say Trump winning is good, but we've been able to use that energy."

Before that night's taco dinner, Emily LaShelle, a 21-year-old with a blonde Megan Rapinoe–esque coif, leads a song workshop. One of four daughters of a former Evangelical pastor from Bozeman, Montana, LaShelle explains that the unifying power of song in the church applies to movement building. Quartets cluster in the hall with the assignment to write a Sunrise-inspired verse to a classic song. ABBA's Dancing Queen becomes "Gee N Dee/Saves the Earth and economeee/Oh, yeah. . . . "Three different groups rewrite lyrics to Lil Nas X's Old Town Road: "AOC's got our back/Markey is on track/Biden's plan is wack/ Elites feelin' attacked."

The mood is playful and sometimes astoundingly earnest (there is a gratitude Slack channel, and most Sunrisers ask permission before hugging each other in greeting). But taped to a wall behind a group presenting their parody of "Old MacDonald"—naturally changed to "Old McConnell"—there are savvy diagrams of how to stand during a protest for maximum visual impact. When I leave the retreat center, I feel confident that this is not the last time I will see

many of these young people. "My big hope for this country is that a lot of those activists ultimately end up running for office," says Heather Zichal, a former Obama adviser and climate-policy consultant for Biden's campaign.

A few weeks later it is the eve of the first Democratic debates, and more than two dozen Sunrisers have spent the night on the brick steps of the Democratic National Committee offices in D.C. (fed by Domino's sent by the Sanders campaign). Their demand? A Democratic debate devoted to climate. Days later the DNC agrees to put it to a committee vote in late August. This kind of success keeps happening; the targets set are met sooner than anticipated. "I keep thinking to myself, Are we not asking for enough?" wonders Fernandez. "We keep setting goals and then reaching them like that." She snaps.

This fall Sunrise will roll out a bigger fellowship and expand its Movement House program, including hubs in key electoral states such as Iowa and New Hampshire. It will continue growing through the presidential election, and there are plans for "mass civil disobedience" in 2021 to help usher in the Green New Deal, says Blazevic. When I ask what happens if Trump wins, Sunrise leadership all respond with varying degrees of dejection. "I don't want to pretend that our strategy isn't banking on a very narrow window of opportunity," admits Will Lawrence, a cofounder who, at 28, with a tightly groomed beard, is somewhat of a village elder in the movement. "Because it's always been that way."

They all are startlingly optimistic on the prospect of a Democratic president's passing some version of the Green New Deal. "It's possible you could see quite a bit of talk about it during the campaign, but then it may not be the top issue for a new president," cautions Harvard's Jody Freeman, noting that moderate Democrats from fossil-fuel states will make passing sweeping climate legislation difficult. However, she is quick to point out that "there's a difference between policy and politics. I don't think [the Green New Deal] is 'politically achievable,' but I think it might be a very useful political strategy." McKibben agrees, which is why it is important to do this work in the primaries. "Because now, if Joe Biden gets elected, he has a set of commitments that we can then hold him to."

I'm in Boston with Prakash and her fiancé, de Carvalho, a volunteer leader at Sunrise's hub here and a data analyst at Liberty Mutual. He is only a few inches taller than Prakash, and seeing the couple embracing over a Friendly's ice cream cake (it's his 25th birthday) is a reminder of how young they are. The two met at University of Massachusetts Amherst when both were engaged in political organizing, Prakash working on fossil-fuel divestment, de Carvalho on student-debt relief, but, says Prakash, they fell in love when he taught her how to powerlift. They hope to marry in 2020, but the election "will probably mess that up," she says. In the meantime she wears an engagement ring with andalusite, a lowerconflict, lower-priced diamond alternative. "I like it because it looks like the Earth," she says of the swirling ochercolored gem (her own birthday is Earth Day). The couple lives in a diverse coastal neighborhood in East Boston that Prakash often points out will not exist in several years due to rising sea levels. They love to go salsa dancing at a nightclub in Cambridge, and will properly celebrate de Carvalho's birthday this weekend gokarting in downtown Boston.

We gather to watch the first of the Democratic debates at a community center near the Boston Common, and the countdown is like New Year's Eve. "Two minutes!" someone yells breathlessly. The energy stays high throughout the first hour with shouts of "Let's go, Lizzie" when Warren comes out of the gates arguing for her green manufacturing plan, and "You're Irish!" when Beto fumbles in Spanish, but wanes as hour two begins and barely 10 words have been said about climate change. (The July debates in Detroit also only touch on climate—and will be accompanied by thousands of activists, Sunrisers included, demonstrating outside.)

At the end of the debate Prakash looks up from her laptop, eyes blazing. "The folks in D.C. have just decided they are going to sleep out another night," she announces to cheers and snaps. "Because fuck this bullshit! Nine minutes for the greatest existential threat to our existence? I'm pretty enraged! How are y'all feeling?"

### THE IMPROV IMPRESARIO

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providing musical backup, Arthur Lewis and Bill Sherman—plus drop-ins by Miranda and others. Since each show is different, it's hard to call out individual moments or performances, but by the time they reenact a day in the life of one of the audience members and then rewind to play it out with a happier ending—along the way calling back words

and jokes and moments from throughout the collectively experienced show you will realize that you have seen something not just hilarious but profound. Living completely in the moment, it turns out, can elevate the mundane into something almost magical.

It's the same kind of magic that should feel familiar to fans of Miranda and Kail's larger-scale and better-known ventures. "If you go to see *Freestyle*, you can see the DNA of *In the Heights* and *Hamilton*," Kail says.

In the years since the once-in-ageneration phenomenon of Hamilton, Kail has been focusing on directing plays at the Public Theater (Tiny Beautiful Things; Kings) and high-profile TV projects (Grease: Live; Fosse/Verdon). It makes sense that, with his first musical on the New York stage since then, Kail would choose to direct something on a more intimate scale. The Wrong Man is based on a rock-song cycle by Ross Golan about a drifter framed for murder. Golan is a gifted and prolific—not to mention multiplatinum—musical shape-shifter who has written songs for, among others, Ariana Grande, Justin Bieber, Nicki Minaj, Charli XCX, and Maroon 5. Though it has also been produced as a concept album and an animated film, The Wrong Man started as a collection of songs that Golan would perform for small gatherings in friends' living rooms and barns, quickly attaining a kind of cult status. When Kail heard Golan perform the hauntingly melodic songs—part emo, part folk, part hiphop—he immediately thought, he recalls, "Holy shit—this guy can write a song and tell a story! I knew that I wanted to work on his first musical."

Kail immediately brought in his *In* the Heights and Hamilton cohort, the brilliant Alex Lacamoire, to do the musical arrangements and tapped Joshua Henry—last seen on Broadway giving a powerhouse performance in *Carousel* to play Duran, the man unjustly accused of murder. He has since rounded out the cast with Ciara Renée and *Hamilton* alum Ryan Vasquez, who will be joined by six musicians onstage, and brought in Travis Wall to do the minimalist choreography. With the audience on three sides and nothing but a couple of benches onstage, The Wrong Man is a far cry from some of this season's more razzle-dazzle musical offerings, such as Moulin Rouge! and Tina: The Tina Turner Musical. "It felt like an opportunity to work on a different kind of canvas," Kail says. "I loved the scale and the focus of it."

Intimate or not, *The Wrong Man* has been gathering the kind of buzz that heralds a cultural moment, and there are already rumors of a Broadway transfer. If it does move to Broadway, it will be joining Derren Brown: Secret, which Kail first saw during its off-Broadway run at the Atlantic Theater Company two years ago. A huge stage and TV star in England, Brown has remained relatively unknown here. Kail first discovered him several years ago, when a fellow magic nerd urged him to watch some of his mind-bending mentalism on You-Tube (full disclosure: That nerd was me), and his desire to produce the show on Broadway is based on nothing more than his excitement to share the experience with as many people as possible. "I don't think there's enough wonder everything is known," Kail says. "We can take a device from our pocket and it can tell us anything we want. I don't go to see Derren to try to solve how he does what he does. I go to be taken away."

Among Kail's strengths as a director, his greatest, Miranda says, may be that "he always makes sure that we bet on ourselves." Clearly, Kail's bets have been paying off (and, looking ahead, he has optioned his friend Georgia Hunter's best-selling Holocaust novel We Were the Lucky Ones as a limited TV series.) "I'm a populist—I want to make things that lots of people can have access to," Kail says. "But I don't ever think about what's going to sell. I have a good instinct about what I think deserves to be seen, so—whether it's a play for a hundred people or a TV show for potentially millions—all I can do is trust that instinct, do my homework, and let the chips fall where they may."  $\Box$ 

### THE RIGHT STUFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 195

better used by filling.) The 15 occhi per order arrive delicately dressed in creamy butter and liberally topped with grated lemon zest and bottarga—the rich, salted, dried, and cured roe sack of a mullet.

If you want dumplings to seem easy, learn to make them in Misi's glass-walled dough room, with its long wooden tables, two several-thousand-dollar Emiliomiti pasta machines, and a team of all-day pasta-makers. Even easier, Robbins's fresh pasta dough has only two ingredients: egg yolks and fine-milled flour. There isn't even salt. I've been sworn to secrecy on the exact ratio, but I can say that there was no monkeying around with making a well in the middle of a pile of flour—the two ingredients went into a

standing mixer. The yolks came in a carton. The same dough is used for Misi's tortelli—perfect purses stuffed with spinach, Swiss chard, brown butter, and mascarpone. The dough rests for at least 30 minutes before pasta-maker David Kaplan puts it through one of the Emiliomitis until it's pliable and transparent.

After demonstrating all this, Kaplan handed me a pastry bag filled with a combination of sheep's and cow's ricottas, whipped to a soft, thick cream with a lot of salt (to make up for the absence of salt in the dough), and showed me how to squeeze blobs several centimeters apart on the pasta sheets. Kaplan had an ingenious strategy for folding half the dough into pleats, then shaking it out like freshly ironed bed linen over the ricotta. It worked beautifully, but the instant I left the restaurant I forgot how he'd done it. I did retain how to get every bit of air from each dumpling: You press a small pastry round lightly over the filling without cutting through the dough. Then, stamp out the dumplings with a larger round.

Occhi-making was surprisingly achievable at home. Except that at Misi, the occhi are made twice a day, for lunch and dinner, and can stand only a few hours before their wet filling dampens their dough. Kaplan would not concede that in a home kitchen they could be frozen, or even sit overnight in the fridge.

I defied his advice and saved half the freshly made occhi. The following day their filling seeped through the dough and wept out into the water and butter in the pan.

I hoped Chinese dumplings would prove more resilient. Deciding which to imitate posed a challenge. I've had more excellent jiaozi than I have ravioli. Would the Chinatown restaurant New Green Bo—which I've learned is now called Deluxe Green Bo-still hold the standard? Are the exemplary, inexpensive, and reliable shrimp—and—snow pea leaf dumplings at nearby Nom Wah Tea Parlor truly flawless, or is their enjoyment owed partly to the restaurant's irreproachable historic decor? After several missteps—the dough at Vanessa's Dumplings has sadly thickened, and the fillings at the New York branches of the Hong Kong chain Tim Ho Wan seemed indifferent—I landed at Flushing, Queens's, Dumpling Galaxy.

Landing implies a level of precision. I didn't so much land as meander, in contracting circles, around the parking garage where my iPhone located the famous dumpling emporium. The attendants had never heard of Dumpling Galaxy. Neither had anyone at the market across the street, or at the creperie that occupies the first floor of the mall where Dumpling Galaxy is lodged, in a large,

red-lacquered back corner of the second floor. I chose not to take its neighbors' indifference to arguably the most famous dumpling restaurant in New York as a bad sign, but rather as proof of the variety and quality of dining options in Flushing. Flushing is the best place to eat in the five boroughs. It doesn't really matter where your iPhone sends you.

I was the first diner at Dumpling Galaxy and took my time perusing the 100 or so menu options. Dumplings are offered in three vegetable doughs—carrot, beet, spinach—in addition to plain wheat. There are the chef, Helen You's, favorites—including pork and chive—in the Signature Dumplings section; there are pork and eggplant, pork and bitter melon, pork and corn. There are scallop and chive and tofu and crab roe. I ordered pork and chive, scrambled egg and dill, and lamb with pickled vegetables—all boiled because I've always felt that pan frying gets in the way of truly tasting a dumpling. I didn't care for the lamb and pickle. But the egg-and-dill dumplings were fragrant and herbal. The pork-andchive were perfect. Each order came accompanied by a combination of soy sauce and black vinegar, and minced garlic in water, which was an ingenious way of adding tiny, erratic blasts of flavor.

The three orders took surprisingly long to arrive. This led me to speculate that

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151: Hat, \$250; bailey hats.com. Dior skirt, \$2,700; Dior stores.
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155: Hat, \$480. Boots, \$150; lacrossefootwear .com. Photographed at Jackson Hole Hereford Ranch. 156–157: Cape; (212) 434-8000. Hat, \$70; pendleton-usa .com. Boots, \$1,295;

tabithasimmons.com. Photographed at Jackson Hole Hereford Ranch. 158: Jacket, price upon request; similar styles at modaoperandi.com. Dress; similar styles at fortyfiveten.com. Belt, \$780; isabelmarant.com. Boots, \$1,295; tabitha simmons.com. 159: Hat, \$70; stetson.com. Photographed at Grand Fishing Adventures. **160–161:** Top left photo: Belt, \$500; modaoperandi .com. Coach 1941 bolo tie, price upon request; coach.com. Versace boots, \$1,975; versace.com. Photographed at Jackson Hole Hereford Ranch. Special thanks to Jason Jones of Raptor Care and Handling. Main photo: Photographed at Curtis Canyon. Special thanks to Adi Amar of Teton Yoga Shala and Yoga Today. 162: Peacoat, \$7,600. Boots, \$775; sandro-paris.com.

163: Boots, \$1,950. Photographed at Curtis Canyon. 164–165: Cape (\$5,350) and bag (\$2,200). Boots, \$200; ariat.com. Special thanks to Elevated Ballooning. In this story: Tailor, Katie Franklin. Manicurist, Samantha Lower.

### **CROWN JEWEL**

168-169: Coat. \$6.570: Alexander McQueen, NYC. Calzedonia tights, \$25; calzedonia.com. Shoes, \$950; Dior stores. 170-171: Dress, \$4,990; vipsales@zac posen.com. Cartier High Jewelry ring, price upon request; (800) CARTIER. Manolo Blahnik pumps, \$665; neiman marcus.com. 173: Shirt, \$590; ralphlauren.com. Pants, \$448; toryburch .com. 174-175: Shirt, \$42,900; Celine, NYC. Skirt, \$2,750; erdem.com. Deborah Drattell belt,

\$195; deborahdrattell .com. Shoes, \$750; church-footwear.com. In this story: Tailor, Leah Huntsinger. Manicurist, Megumi Yamamoto.

### SWORD AND SORCERY

180-181: Dress, price upon request; O11-33-1-8362-0832 for information. Boots, \$3,390; Alexander McQueen, NYC.182: Dress, price upon request. 183: Dress, price upon request. 184: Dress, price upon request. 185: Top, skirt, and bra, priced upon request. In this story: Tailor, Mikolaj Sokolowski. Manicurist, Elsa Deslandes.

### THE IMPROV IMPRESARIO

190: Coat, \$4,950; celine.com. J.Crew sweater, \$168; jcrew.com. A.P.C. T-shirt, \$105; apc-us.com. they had been stuffed to order. To ascertain whether this feat was possible, I asked my waiter to show me into the kitchen. He told me that no customers were allowed. When he turned his back, I edged toward the kitchen, stealthily, but was deterred. Had I only staked out the restaurant until Helen You arrived, fortifying myself on the plump lychees for sale just outside, I would have learned her secrets.

Instead, I returned to Penn Station and caught a train home. The next morning I flipped listlessly through my notes from a call I placed to Carolyn Phillips, food historian and author of both The Dim Sum Field Guide and All Under Heaven, a definitive cookbook of Chinese regional cuisines. ("Dumpling is a rather broad category," she told me, probably while hand-pulling noodles.) She'd told me that the jiaozi perfected by Helen You likely arrived in China from Central Asia via the Silk Roads. And Japanese dumplings, in turn, came from China—shumai were, first, Chinese siu mai. Japanese gyoza, she had said, are simply a linguistic skip away from jiaozi.

There was my answer! I'd learn to make gyoza at Blue Apron, the food-kit company, where my brother is the culinary director and which happens to have an accomplished gyoza-maker, Kendra Vaculin. Back I hurried to the train. At Blue Apron's test kitchen in Brooklyn,

Kendra awaited me. I dutifully attempted a dough-crimping technique she called "the zipper," which I will never assay again after managing to turn a number of raw dumplings inside out. I became reasonably competent in another called "the half moon"—and then it was time to improvise. I whisked eggs, chopped scallions and parsley and attempted a re-creation of Dumpling Galaxy's egg and dill. I devised a breakfast-sandwich dumpling, filled with eggs, cheese, and pork. Then, what I hoped would soon be the next great trend in dumplings: a gyoza filled with nothing but a salted raw egg yolk.

We pan-fried and steamed them, and the Blue Apron staff gathered around. Everyone politely nibbled Kendra's traditional contributions: gingery shrimp, pork and scallion, tofu and shiitake. What we were really all anticipating was a chance to judge my innovations. As I attempted to dislodge chalky, hard-cooked egg yolk from the roof of my mouth, I was reminded that, to paraphrase the Bible, there are no new dumplings under the sun. Humans have already tried stuffing everything imaginable into dough. It would take hundreds of years to devise an equal to pork and chive.

I bade farewell to the Blue Apron team, energized by the recognition that when it comes to dumplings, one should not innovate but imitate. At home my path was clear: I would make pork-and-chive jiaozi, integrating everything I'd learned.

I still had to choose a dough, and I landed on Carolyn Phillips's because her dough ingredients (flour and water) numbered two—which I had settled on as an auspicious number. Phillips recommends a 2:1 combination of All Purpose to Pastry flour, which correctly approximates the gluten content of Chinese flour. Following her direction, I mixed the ingredients and put the dough in a bag to wait. I made a mixture of pork, egg, chives, soy sauce, Chinese cooking wine, ginger, and garlic and mixed it with chopsticks. After rolling the dough into a long snake, I cut off little pieces, rolled them into thin circles, put a spoonful of filling in each, and crimped them into half moons, except for those I simply pinched closed because my patience with tiny folds had expired.

At dinnertime I boiled my jiaozi in salted water—which no jiaozi or gyoza recipe recommends, but which is a cornerstone of Italian noodle cooking—drained them, and served them dipped into two sauces, just like Helen You (though I added sliced ginger to my soy sauce—vinegar mixture.) My two-ingredient dough and mixture of pork, egg, and herbs produced juicy, delightful, authentic dumplings. It seemed a true triumph of the homespun and unpretentious. What is more democratic than a dumpling?

### #GOALS

198: On Morgan: Foundrae necklaces, \$1,445-\$6,250; foundrae.com. Sneakers, \$1,090; select Louis Vuitton stores. On Rapinoe: Cartier "Santos de Cartier" necklace, \$7,450; Cartier stores. Prounis lapis Roz ring, \$2,700; prounisjewelry .com. Brent Neale sapphire ring, price upon request; brentneale.com. Foundrae 18K-gold diamond-andenamel ring, \$2,630; foundrae.com. Sneakers, \$1,090; select Louis

Vuitton stores. 199: Necklaces, \$1,445– \$6,250; foundrae.com. In this story: Tailor, Christy Rilling Studio. Manicurist, Casey Herman.

TURNING HEADS 200-201: On Kortleve: Dress (\$21,500) and gloves (\$690). On Nicholas: Pants (\$6,300), socks (\$100), and pumps (\$695). On Faretta: Leather jacket (\$14,000), pants (\$9,800), socks (\$100), and pumps (\$695). 202-203: On Abioro: Hat (\$1,300) and boots (\$1,400); also at Nordstrom stores. Calzedonia tights, \$15; calzedonia.com.On Sun: Hat (\$1,300) and boots (\$1,400); also at Nordstrom stores. Dress; modaoperandi.com. Agent Provocateur bra (\$115) and briefs (\$100); agentprovocateur.com. On Nicholas: Sweater (price upon request), hat (price upon request). and moccasins (\$890). Hat and sweater, similar styles at loewe.com.

On Faretta: Hat (price upon request) and boots (\$1,400). Hat, similar styles at loewe.com. Boots also at Nordstrom stores. 204: On Sun: Hat (price upon request), dress (\$20,000), and shoes (price upon request). On Faretta: Hat (price upon request) and boots (\$1,200). Gloves, \$127; amatonewyork.com. 205: On Abioro: Hat (price upon request) and shoes (\$925). Falke tights, \$39; Hanro, NYC. On Nicholas: Hat (price upon request) and shoes (\$845). Emilio

Cavallini tights, \$26; emiliocavallini.com. On both: Dior earring, \$820 for pair; Dior stores. In this story: Tailor, Christy Rilling Studio. Manicurist, Megumi Yamamoto.

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LAST LOOK 216: Boot; barneys.com.

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# 



### Altuzarra boot, \$495

Though they may not be blue, these suede shoes are certainly worth singing about. Part moccasin (note the natural hide color), part Spanish espadrille (note the braided sole), they have an elegant tie that weaves upward to hug the ankle snugly. "I also folded over the top of the boot and lined it in shearling so it felt undone and effortless," says Joseph Altuzarra—who may have just created that rare breed of shoe that's more comfortable on than off.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERGIY BARCHUK



### Dior





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